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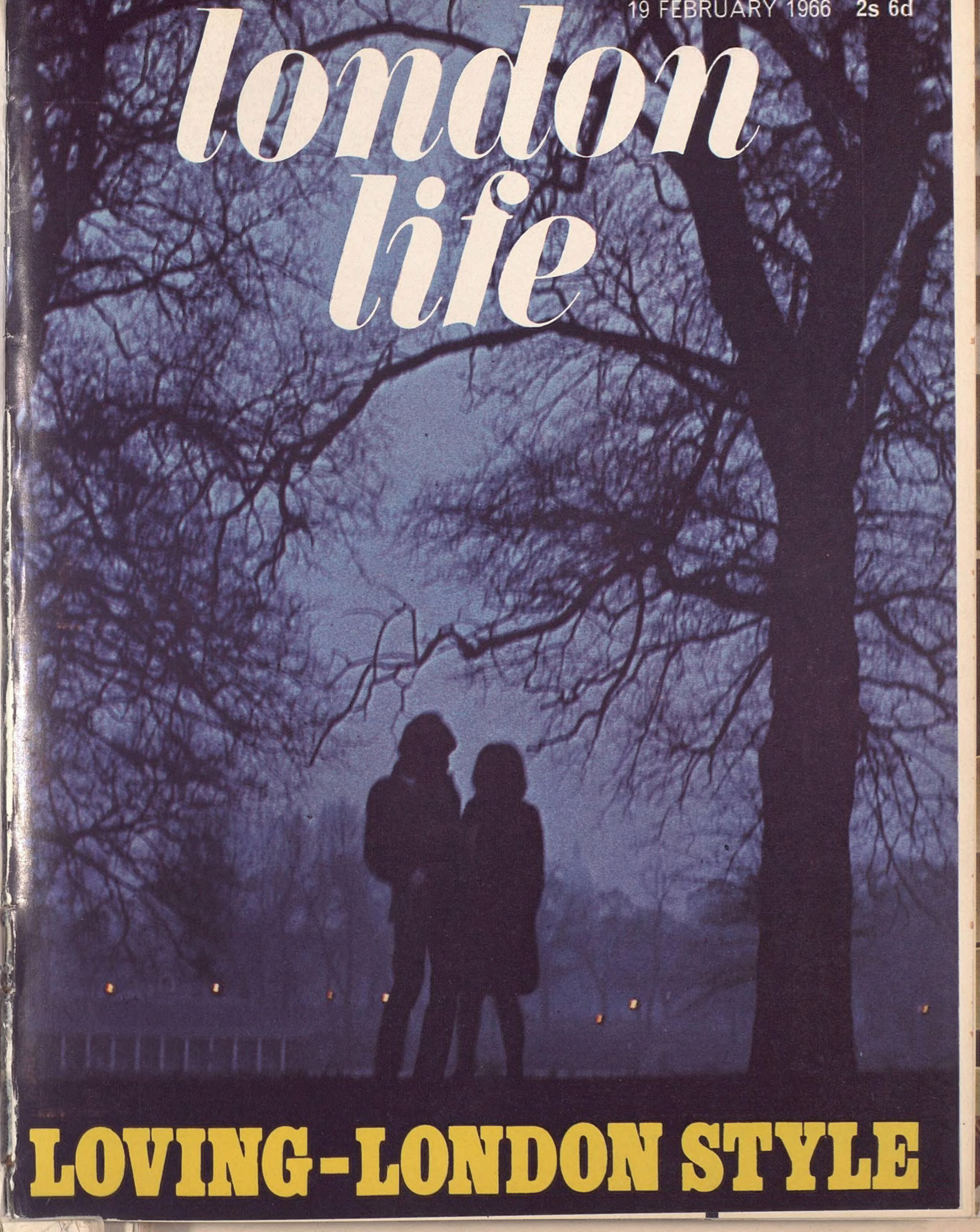
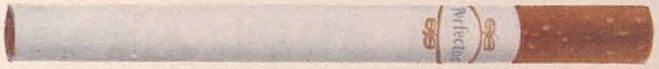
london life



LOVING-LONDON STYLE

Neil Fletcher smokes Perfectos.

So does his best friend (see above). Why? Well, the packet helps, of course. It's good to put in your pocket. Even better to take out. But what matters is inside: the best cigarettes money can buy. Why settle for anything less?



Perfectos Filter: for those who appreciate luxury.
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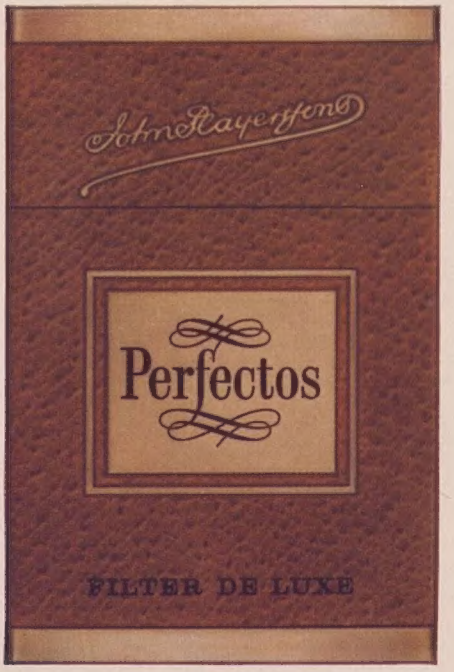
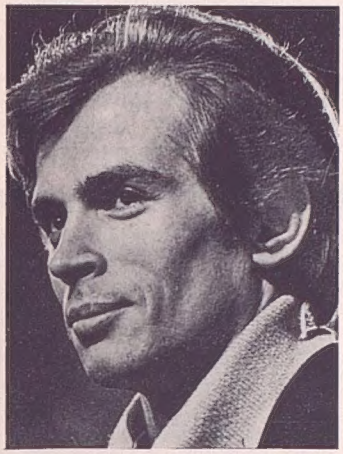


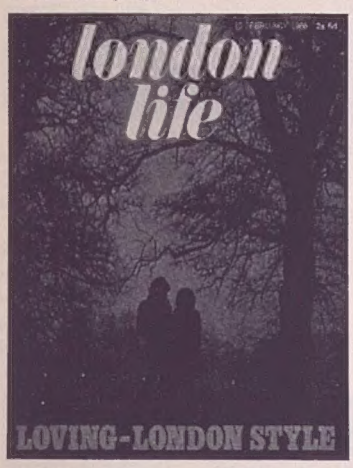
Acknowledgement to N. Fletcher, 107, The Drive, Bexley, Kent.

inside london life

Old clothes are the latest thing – and to find out about it London Life went to a Sotheby's sale. See page 8



Nureyev the ballet dancer is known to everyone. But what is his new career? Full details on page 20



Falling in love is different in 1966 . . . Charlotte Bingham writes about this sexual revolution in "Loving – London Style" on page 26

This is a Young Conservative . . . typical of those attending the annual conference on 18 Feb. For what they will be talking about see page 13

	page
What People Are Wearing . . . the backward look	8
David Wynne-Morgan	12
Men, Women and Young Conservatives	13
A Guide For Every Scout . . . and why not?	18
Nureyev: Man With A New Career	20
This Is Islington . . . and the people who live in it	22
Why Ceeil Beaton Became a Photographer	23
Loving – London Style . . . how things have changed!	26
Caveman With A Camera . . . that's John Richardson	34
Suits For The Spring . . . and spring must come	36
Carry Me Back . . . focus on shopping bags	43
Getting To The Church On Time . . . focus on weddings	44

Plus, of course, London Life's comprehensive guide to what's going on in the world of entertainment – see page 45

Prince Richard of Gloucester will be acting as a voluntary night watchman at an exhibition of baroque art he has helped to organise in Cambridge. The exhibition, at the Magdalene Street Gallery from 28 February to 11 March, will contain a large number of valuable works lent by dealers and collectors – Tiepolo's *Holy Family*, and paintings by Bazzani, Pittoni, Marco Ricci and Francesco Herrara among them. But most important of all, and the special reason why Prince Richard and his co-organisers Richard Herner, John Simpson and Nicholas Snowman will take turns sleeping on camp beds at the gallery, is a newly discovered Rubens, *The Reviving of St Sebastian*.

The painting, discovered by a dealer recently, has just been authenticated by Cambridge Rubens expert Michael Jaffe, a Fellow of King's. This will be its first major showing, and it is expected to attract visitors from well outside the University. *Granta* is producing a special issue on the exhibition, with distinguished external contributors.

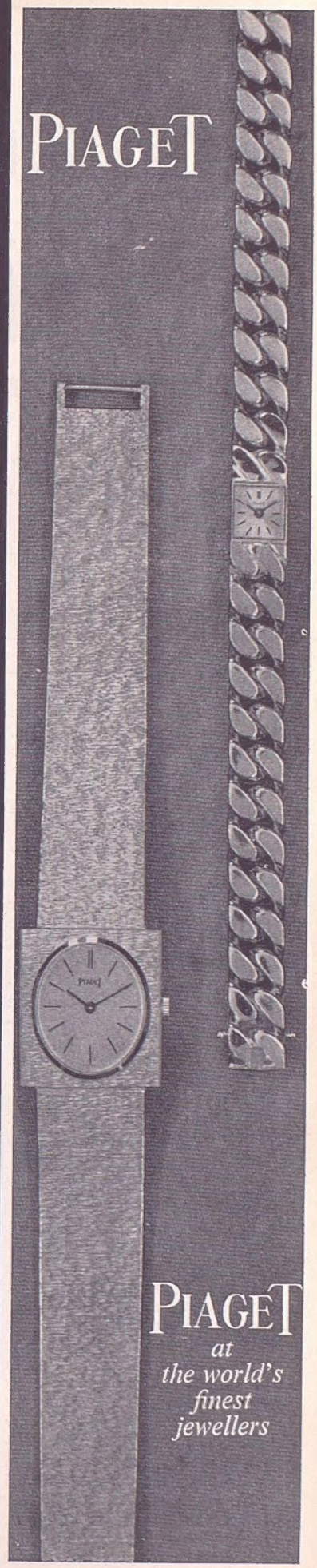
Custom-made studios

Next month, 10 artists will move into a block of brand-new, specially designed studios erected by Camden Borough Council on a site off Camden Street. The Council has spent £58,492 on the redevelopment of the site, including the studios, but will charge the artists relatively low rents – between £4 and £5 a week. The sculptor Peter Peri, who will be one of the tenants, advised the Council's architects on the finer points of building for artists.

Ladies-only garage

Keith St John, the Radio London-sponsored racing driver, is planning to start a garage ex-

continued overleaf



london life

clusively for women drivers. "Lots of women drivers," he says, "are mechanically ignorant, and most garages don't allow for that. We will: we'll keep our own log of every car serviced by us, and ring up the owner when we think her car is about due for another service."

The garage will be in Llanvana Road, Golders Green, and St John's staff – all of them experienced racing mechanics – will collect and deliver cars for servicing. The same mechanic will always, when practicable, handle a given car. "We're about to start advertising the service," St John says, "to see what the response is like. We think the personal touch will be welcomed by women drivers."

The Metropolitan Water Board pays £30 a year rent for a piece of land at Stratford East. They don't own or use the land, they merely inherited the obligation from the old East London Water Company, who in their turn had acquired it from owners who first started paying in 1612. The liability stems from a badly drawn contract of sale. Check your deeds now, or your heirs may never forgive you.

Labours paper hush-hush

Transport House are, it is reported, hoping to bring out a new magazine aimed at the teenage pre-voters next month. Although the Labour Party seems to have decided to publish the paper—a monthly printed in colour, probably by Woodrow Wyatt's Banbury presses—they have not yet announced anything about it. In fact, their Press Office deny all knowledge of it, and other sources suggest they haven't yet made up their minds who will edit the paper, whether it will be free or charged for, or even what the name will be. One suggested title now rejected—*Pace*.

Britain's next opportunity to hear Mr Ian Smith's side of the UDI story will be next month in the tiny-circulation Cambridge Conservative magazine Accent. *Editor Robert Jarman wrote to Mr Smith 11 days after UDI, and has now received confirmation that he can have the article.* Punch, *of course, had the first Smith story last month.*

Now Johnson makes a profit

For the first time in years, Dr Samuel Johnson's house in Gough Square, Fleet Street, is out of the red. Miss Margaret Eliot, the curator, showed a record number of visitors, mainly Americans, round the house last year–15,000, or twice as many as usual, at 2 dollars a head.

Apart from some new signs that went up to help visitors find the house, no one has any convincing explanation for the sudden revival in Johnsoniana: unless the success of the American edition of Boswell's complete works has rubbed off on the Doctor.

From the Potato Marketing Board: "IDEA FOR TEENAGERS – Get swinging and give a POTATO BURGER PARTY! You will have loads of fun, and there's not a boy or girl who won't want to frizzle their own Potato Burger in the pan." One of those, and you've had your chips.

Threepenny Etonians

At the end of next week, the 70 King's Scholars of Eton will each receive 3d. Their bene-

continued on page 6

Due from publisher Leslie Frewin in the autumn: Stanley Holloway's autobiography, appropriately titled *Wiv a Little Bit of Luck*.

Strangest black market in London – vintage Port. Merchants failed to stock up in immediate post-war years, thinking that modern life, without servants or cellars, would kill the after-dinner market. In fact, it has expanded four times over pre-war consumption. Ports that could use another ten years in the bin are being sold for drinking at once.

The European Water-ski-ing Championships are to be held in Britain for first time ever in 1968: the British Federation are hoping to get permission to stage them on Serpentine.

"London is like a rare and beautiful woman. You discover her attractions a little

The first ever full-length three-act contemporary ballet to be performed in England will open on 13 April at Sadler's Wells. "Sun Into Darkness," danced by the Western Theatre Ballet, has a score specially commissioned from Malcolm Williamson, a scenario by David Rudkin (author of the prize-winning play "Afore Night Come"), and has been choreographed by the ballet's co-founder, Peter Darrell.

The ballet is set in a Cornish fishing village at carnival time. Thoroughly modern, the cast includes Gary Sherwood as "Motor Cycle Boy," pictured with Donna Day Washington.

There's a great deal to be said for being a model – particularly one of the nine London Life tipped for the top last month: at the moment, five of our nine girls have escaped the drizzle and flown off to glamorous assignments. Apart from Sue Fisher, now in the Lebanon, Biddy Lampard is in Egypt, Mary Gaye Curzon in South Africa, Shirley Ann Hayes in Egypt as well, and Maren Greve (above) in France. Nice work.

at a time. Paris is like a tart —she hits you all at once." —Adam Hanuskiewicz, director of the Polish Popular Theatre, coming here for World Theatre season in April.

Hardest date now suggested for the General Election: Thursday, 28 April.

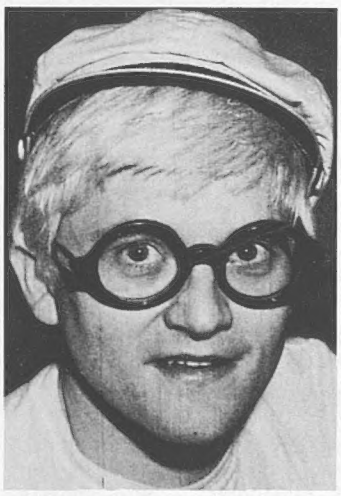
The GLC shortly seeking quotations for the cleaning of Cleopatra's Needle, on the Embankment. Last cleaned in 1950, it was for a time vague pink before reverting to classic London grey.

"We're still looking for subject and script for next Beatles movie—we want to start shooting in the spring or early summer at latest." —producer Walter Shenson.

Leonard Berstein and Luchino Visconti conducting and directing Verdi's *Falstaff* next month for Vienna Opera before both coming to London: Bernstein to conduct London Symphony at the Albert Hall on 14 and 17 April, Visconti to produce *Rosenkavalier* at Covent Garden, opening 21 April.

Oxford undergraduate magazine *Isis* is to produce a special issue on "The Good Life" next week. Experts on the subject who will contribute include the Duke of Bedford, Clement Freud and Patrick Wymark.

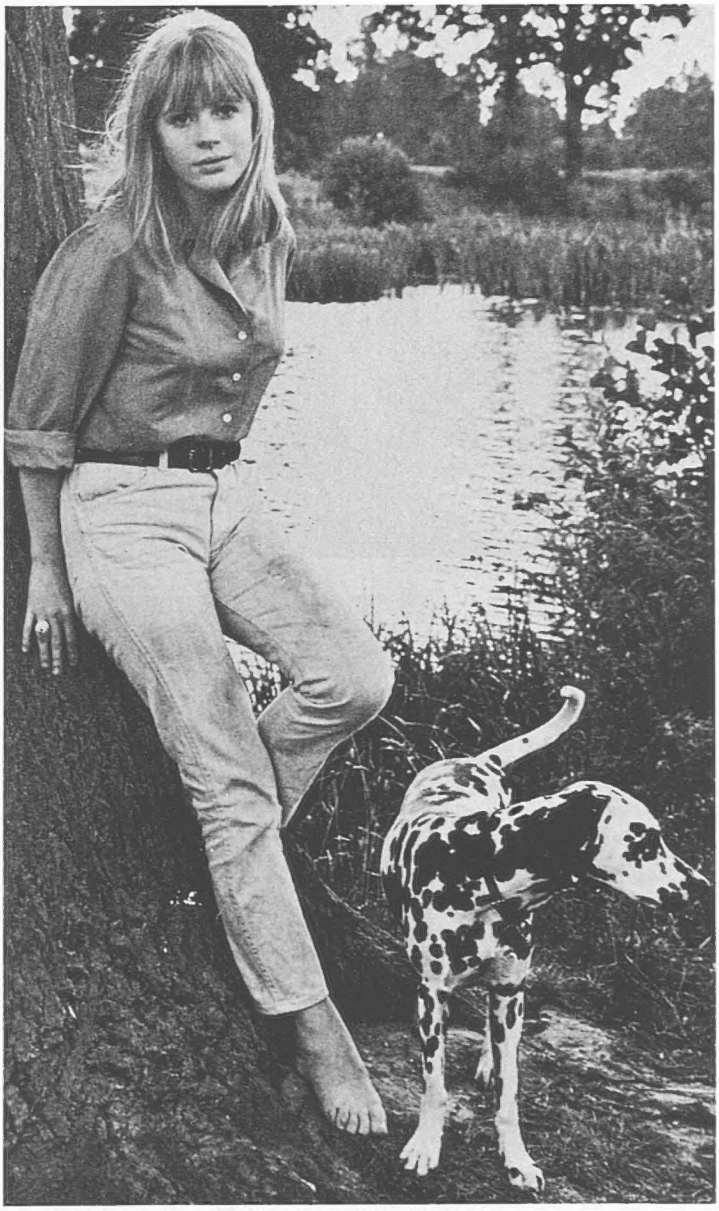
Still unpaid after four years is a £412 bill at a London night-club incurred by eight well-known show-business names: they ran it up by standing drinks to the house after the management had objected to a coloured guest at their table, and have since kept the account in perpetual motion each in turn denying responsibility.



Oxford graduate Micheal Kullman has embarked on one of the most grandiose theatrical schemes for years – aimed at Broadway 1967, and London 1968. To be called "Pennzi Cola" it will in fact be a free adaptation of Berthold Brecht's "City of Mahagonny." Kullman says: "I want to form a co-operative of actors, musicians, choreographers, dancers, designers, all to be involved in the project."

So far, he has persuaded Sally Tuffin and Marion Foal (top) to design costumes, and David Hockney (above, left) to design the backcloth. "I won't have time for anything else," says Hockney. Kullman, who believes in going for the best, has also written to Jean Genet, Allen Ginsberg and James Baldwin (above, left) to ask them for help on the script. "Unless Baldwin approves of the script," asserts Kullman, "it will not go on anywhere. I want it to be about the Negro America he knows."

Kullman's concept of the show also includes direction by John Fernald, appearances by the Supremes, and music by Manfred Mann.



The cast for Franco Zeffirelli's film of "The Taming of the Shrew," due to start shooting next month in Rome, looks like the answer to a cinema-owner's dream. Led by Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor, it now includes Michael Hordern, Victor Spinetti, Cyril Cusack and Alfred Lynch, TV's "Hereward the Wake." And this week the film test of pop-singer Marianne Faithfull (above) for the part of Bianca is being studied. Miss Faithfull is obviously set on moving into films.

She has also auditioned for a part in Sam Spiegel's forthcoming "Night of the Generals".

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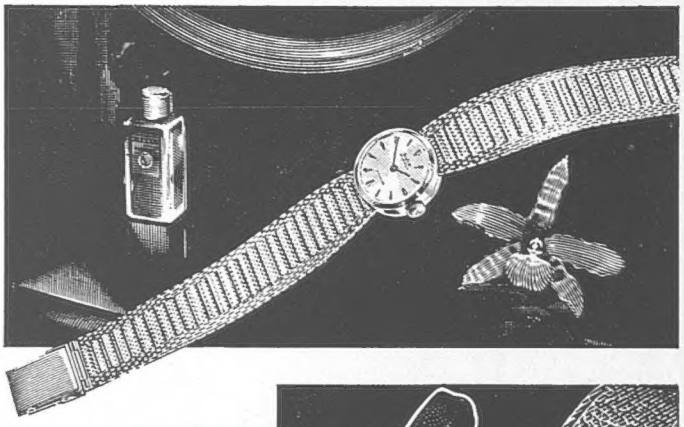

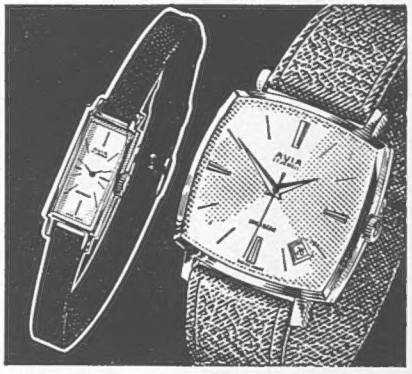

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factors are the late Mr Robert Rede of Burnham, who left an endowment to yield them 2d each in 1514, and a former Provost of the College, Roger Lupton, who added another penny in 1536. It is usually held that it costs some £600 a year to keep a boy at Eton now.

Entertaining expenses

The Civil Appropriation Accounts for 1964-65, just published, reveal just how much of your money goes to entertaining distinguished foreign visitors. Out of a total £156,170 the Commonwealth Prime Ministers cost us £27,934; the President of the Sudan £12,211; the Soviet Minister for the Aircraft Industry an astonishing £8,565; and the Togo Minister of Commerce a mere £605. Given their professional interest in hospitality, the Second International Fermentation Symposium let us off quite lightly at £684.

Jasper—and even onyx

Smith & Nephew Ltd – manufacturers, among other things, of Elastoplast – will shortly take possession of what must be one of London's most lavish office extensions: builders are just finishing a few additional offices at 2 Temple Place, on the Embankment.

The cost has been high simply because the new part has been designed to match the old, main building: and that was built by William Waldorf Astor at a cost of £250,000 at the beginning of this century. His original structure had floors of jasper, onyx and porphyry, lots of stained glass, and 54 carved heads – ranging from Bismarck via the Lady of Shalott to Machiavelli. The cherubs on the lamps at the main door are even calling each other up on old-fashioned upright telephones. The new extension is perfectly in keeping, and has its own stone-carvings.

It's all true about Welshmen being milkmen: the 1966 London Directory lists 68 dairymen named Jones, 50 called Davies, 32 Evanses, 23 Morgans, 22 Thomases, 22 Williams, 14 Edwards, 11 Jenkins, nine Phillips and six Griffiths. That's 257 out of an all-London total of barely 600, and doesn't include sundry Hughes, Howells and Merediths.

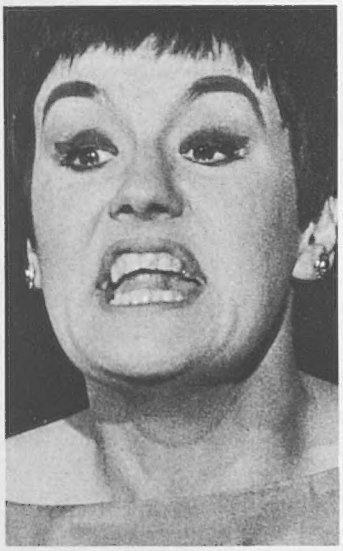
Donkey for Aero Club

The Royal Aero Club, in Fitzmaurice Place off Berkeley Square, is having trouble with the underground Tyburn River. The river, which flows from Hampstead via Oxford Street, Grosvenor Square and Berkeley Square on its way to join the Thames, has taken to seeping into the basement of the club.

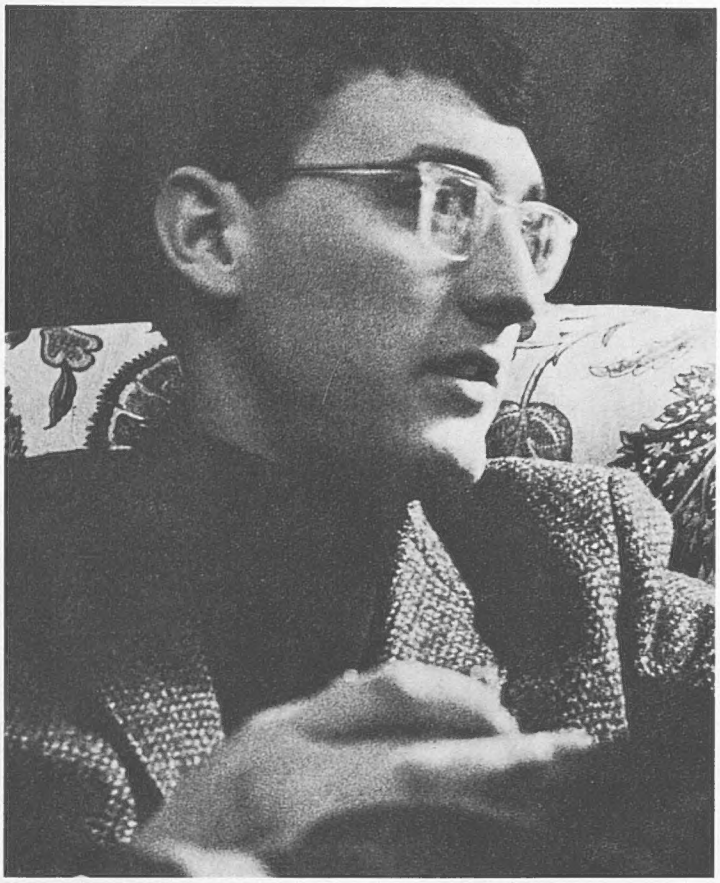
"If we left it several days without pumping," says a member, "we would probably be going around in bathing trunks. It's like having a garden hose on all the time." The club is apparently resigned to pumping their unwelcome spring back into the drains for ever: they have installed a donkey engine to do the job.

The Piccadilly shop which sold Neville Chamberlain his umbrellas now offers a 3s booklet called "What to Blow, and How to Blow It." About the finer technique of the hunting horn, it advises: "The lips of the performer should be hard and the front teeth in good order." So that's how they get those stiff upper lips.

Agent Robert Stigwood (above), whose touring company went into liquidation with a loss of £45,000 last year, has hopes of a big success next month with a new LP on his Reaction label. Called "Are You Fitting Comfortably?" the record (made live in the Scotch of St James's) is a send-up of the Beatles and Brian Epstein. Script was written by Keith Waterhouse, Denis Norden, Willis Hall, Ned Sherrin, Peter Lewis, Peter Dobereiner and Eric Davidson. Performers: Graham Stark, Doug Fisher, Sheila Steefel and Peter Myers, four Merseyside unknowns and Graham Bond's music.



Opening on 1 March is the Horseshoe Wharf Club, next door to the Mermaid Theatre at Puddle Dock. The owners are Sally Miles (above), daughter of Bernard Miles and now his neighbour, and her husband Gerald Frow, Press officer of the Mermaid. "Today's English clubs," says Sally, "seem to have become stultified. Horseshoe Wharf is being started to rediscover something of England's old, honest conviviality." The club will offer chess, bar billiards, a secondhand bookstall, and a cabaret. Plus food and drink, of course.



Few short films ever go out on release at all. Even fewer are the amateur shorts that break out from the art houses into the commercial world. This week, after a trade showing at Hammer House, Wardour Street, a 12½-minute wide-screen short made by a group of Cambridge students is being seriously discussed by several of the major distributors.

Called "Girl," it was made by an American post-graduate student, Paul Williams (above, top), and acted by the two leading stars of the Cambridge Amateur Dramatic Club, David Collins and Sue Kinsford (above), who got married while shooting the film. The title, and the music, are by Lennon and McCartney, and it is played by the St Louis Union.

"The story," says Williams, "has a universal appeal. You pass a girl in the street and think of all the ways of picking her up, dating her and falling in love." It is Williams' third film, and he is already working on a fourth – "which will take half the US Army to cast." He seems unlikely to return to the quiet academic life of Harvard, somehow.

Collins will not have a new Hammond Innes (above) to follow up the success of last year's "The Strode Venturer" (100,000 copies in hardback) until 1968. The usually prolific Innes is planning to take two years to research and write a historical study of the discovery and subjection of Mexico and Peru by Cortez and Pissaro, to be called "The Conquistadores."

Innes and his wife set out next winter on a three-month journey to Latin America. "We shall follow," says Innes, "the routes of Cortez and Pissaro, but the actual wordage from travelling will not be very much. It is the atmosphere of the terrain where the battles were fought that I want. This history moves as fast as a good action story should."

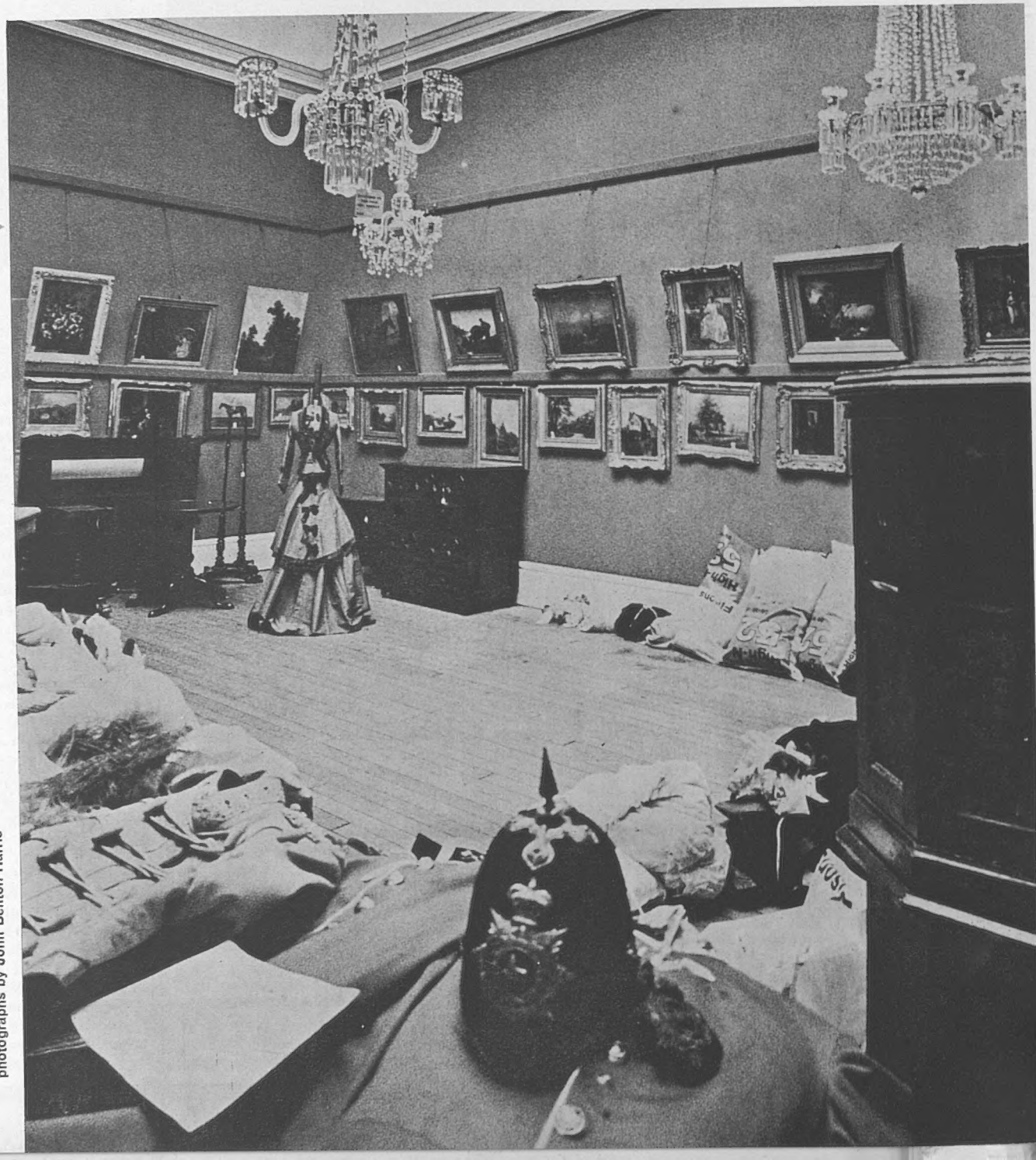
Apart from "The Conquistadores," Innes hopes to gain material for future novels. "We have got to take far more notice of Latin America in the next few years," he says. "And it would benefit us to invest money there, too." As a prelude to getting down to work on the book, the Innes's are taking their boat through the Dardanelles to spend May and June exploring the Black Sea.

Meanwhile the paperback of "Atlantic Fury," out next month, will keep Innes's sales going.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING

This is fashion on the rebound – in old clothes. The Jean Harlow film sowed the seeds of nostalgia, Viva Maria is putting the girls back into frills and flounces and the Barbra Streisand vogue set them seeking out second-hand clothes of the Fanny Brice era. The stalls of the Portobello Road were swamped by models abandoning the angular sci-fi of Courrèges for lace, frills, velvet ribbons and low-heeled pumps. In Finch's, Henekeys and the Chelsea Potter the most outrageously dated clothes suddenly materialised. The great old clothes hunt went on – London's junk shops were ransacked and the search spread to the provinces. The climax came at a sale of costumes and military uniforms at Sotheby's, where serious costume collectors were outnumbered and outbid by girls looking for old clothes that they wanted to wear as part of the . . .

BACKWARD LOOK



The clothes they bought: a featureless model displays the latest in recently rediscovered fashions at Sotheby's, London's leading fashion revival house. The Regency evening dress was made by Ella G Gordon, of Manchester, in about 1890. In the foreground is the helmet and uniform of Capt J F Richardson of the Lincolnshire Regiment. About 1900.

photographs by John Benton Harris

Victoria and **Frances Vaughan** and **Victoria Ormsby-Gore** (far left) inspect lot 57, a collection of dresses and an evening cloak in black corded silk trimmed with white coney. All about 1915-1920.

Anne Wright and **Frances Vaughan** (left). Says Anne: "We thought we might give a 1066 fancy dress party to commemorate the Battle of Hastings. Do you know where I can find any woad?"

Victoria Ormsby-Gore (below) about to sign a cheque for a stockinet pyjama suit with a tabard top in orange and blue. About 1920.

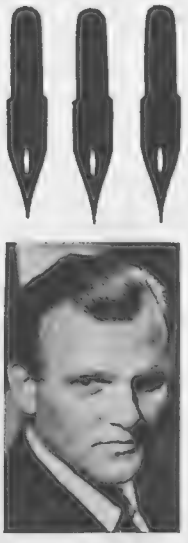
Mrs D Guinness (left) has three attics full of old clothes at her home in Ireland which she and her husband have collected. "We wear them all the time. When people come to dinner we dress them up in period costume. Every August we have a 1744 cricket match between the Irish Georgian Society and the Northern Irish National Trust and everybody comes in costume, even the people who only come to watch. One year we dressed all 22 players as early 19th-century Persian diplomats with turbans."

Sylvia Allen in an evening dress in black georgette openwork heavily encrusted with jet beads and brilliants, the front with floating panels. About 1920.

Joan Ferguson, almost submerged under a feather boa, is wearing an ivory georgette evening dress trimmed with silver beads and gold sequins, the front with floating panels. About 1920.

Meg York (above) wearing an evening dress in faded rose georgette with fluted trimming. About 1920. And (top right) in an evening dress in black georgette with silver beaded openwork. About 1920.

Sylvia Allen in a short black crepe evening dress printed with bold white daisies and with purple silk inlays on the sleeves and facings. About 1920.



DAVID WYNNE-MORGAN

The season of Royal alarms and excursions is upon us. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh have visited the West Indies, the Duke is to continue on a visit to the United States, while Prince Charles is having further education at Timbertop in Australia.

In view of that first kiss in Hawaii, I hope the Prince's illusions were not as badly shaken on his arrival in Australia as were those of a friend of mine's 19-year-old nephew, with whom I had lunch just before Christmas. He had left England six weeks before, after five carefully nurtured years in one of Britain's oldest public schools.

Breaking the silence

He was visiting Australia to get experience working as a shop assistant in one of Sydney's largest department stores. From the moment he left London Airport, not a word had been received by his family, who asked me to report back. On his arrival for lunch with me at the Australia Hotel, he was visibly shaken. "Manners are rather different here," he said when I asked him how he was getting on.

"The Christmas rush here resembles nothing more than an infuriated Rugby League scrum. A small, and seemingly frail woman in her sixties, was pinned against a counter by the maddened crowd and, waving her handbag in the air, was clearly urgently in need of assistance. I fought my way to her side and asked if there was anything I could do to help. 'Yes, you Pommy bastard, you can go back home,' she said."

In fairness I must add that he is still in Sydney, and nothing on earth would make him return.

Perhaps, after all, we need not fear for Prince Charles. Royalty are not always at a loss for the smart answer. When Princess Margaret made a highly successful tour of East Africa in 1956, when the grip of the Mau Mau rebellion had not ended, she frequently had difficulty with the Press apparently intruding on her privacy. On a visit to the Amboselli game reserve where it was hoped she would see lions, the Press were denied any facilities for taking photographs as it was feared this would prevent her seeing any game at all.

Over a drink with the Princess that evening she told me that she had seen no fewer than four lions only a few feet from the back of the Land-Rover in which she was travelling. I could not resist saying that I hoped they had treated her with proper respect. Looking me straight in the eyes, she replied without a moment's hesitation: "We treated one another with mutual respect, Mr Wynne-Morgan."

A new era in the relationship between the Press and Royalty begins with the coming visit of the Duke of Edinburgh to the United States. No less a personage than Mr Henry Rogers, the "Cadillac" of public relations men, with an annual billing of more than one and a half million dollars, has been attached to the Duke for the duration of the visit. Having started in 1931 with a 500-dollar loan from his father, he now handles some of the biggest personalities and corporations in the United States. The Duke is in good company. Other clients include Doris Day, Audrey Hepburn, Princess Soraya ("I only handled her as an actress"), Rex Harrison . . . and *Playboy* magazine.

Press conferences are to be arranged by him at every airport when the Duke arrives, and coverage organised of all public engagements. Pressmen are even going to be allowed to ask questions.

The quiet American

Mr Rogers came to Britain for a briefing on the tour and his every movement was cloaked in secrecy. Presumably he met the Queen's Press adviser, Commander Richard Colville, RN (retd.) whose naval training has fitted him so admirably for the job which he has held for 17 years.

It was Richard Colville who stated in 1964 that "if there ever comes a time when the British Monarchy needs a *real* public relations officer, then the institution of the Monarchy in this country will be in decline."

In the best Nelson tradition Commander Colville has always believed in looking through the telescope with the blind eye and in battening down the hatches. When the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh made their previous official visit to the United States the *News Chronicle* printed full details before the official announcement. Commander Colville was quoted as saying he had "no knowledge of the visit."

Shopping for a PM

The classic example of public relations in the Colville image was when the Queen interrupted her holiday to return to Buckingham Palace on the eve of Sir Anthony Eden's resignation as Prime Minister. "It is something quite private. The Queen is coming to do some shopping," said the irrepressible Commander.

The encounter between Henry Rogers and Commander Colville should have been an epic occasion, and it is a tragedy that an exact recording of the dialogue has not been kept for posterity. I fear that Mr Rogers got very little information or advice that will prove of help to him. Therefore, gratuitously, I will offer him one word of warning. If, by any chance, the Duke is to visit a flower show in the course of the tour, then every effort should be made to ensure that all water hoses are kept well out of reach.

It will avoid a lot of misunderstanding.

From the Conservative Party Headquarters in Smith Square comes the news that members of Local Constituency Associations are divided into

MEN, WOMEN & YOUNG CONSERVATIVES

"As an effective political organisation we are non-starters, and we've even lost our reputation as the best social club. What is the diagnosis?"

This boat-rocking little question appeared a year ago in the Young Conservative magazine *Impact* and it was put by one Alan Haselhurst, a national vice-chairman of the movement. In fact Mr Haselhurst had not really spoken out of turn. He was working in the background on a committee set up by Lord Blakenham under the chairmanship of Iain Macleod to find out what had gone wrong with the YC's. So the question "What is the diagnosis?" was a kind of lead-in, preparing the ground for Macleod's report which was to come out

Continued overleaf

Richard Phillips, outgoing chairman of the Hampstead Young Conservatives, star orator and prizewinning debater, here invites his branch to acclaim Mr Henry Brooke, MP, to his 17th year of office as President of the Hampstead Branch

Photographs by Graham Attwood

MEN, WOMEN & YOUNG CONSERVATIVES

continued

later in the year. But, inevitably, at the time of the report's appearance Macleod himself declared "We were not meeting to inquire into the affairs of an ailing body." It seems that they should have been.

The Young Conservatives were begun in 1946 and enjoyed some immediate success, reaching a peak membership of well over 150,000 in the late fifties. The formula of a mild political pill well sugared with middle-class social activities worked well. The YCs had a high reputation as marriage bureaux, they were eminently respectable, and they had a strong appeal to the ambitious – both socially and politically. But about five years ago the numbers began to decline at the rate of around 10,000 a year. Of the remaining 100,000, perhaps 20 per cent at the most, are actively concerned with Conservative politics.

Tact pays off

The Young Socialists, who generally eschew such sops as socials and whist drives, claim a membership of 40,000. Allowing for exaggerations, the two main political youth movements are probably about equal in effective strength of conviction. The Young Socialists are a fairly constant source of embarrassment to the parent Party since they tend noisily to a bright red point on the extreme left. The Conservative Party, however, has always handled its youth with care and dexterity and has been repaid with invaluable leg and donkey work during election campaigns in the constituencies. The movement has in its time produced 63 Tory MPs, including 11 members of their last administration – not to mention hundreds of local government members. A handout from headquarters in Smith Square states that "The Conservative Party believes that in the Young Conservatives it possesses its insurance for the future." Any falling off in youthful Conservative enthusiasm must therefore be viewed with forebodings.

What then *is* the diagnosis? I went to various Young Conservative meetings in different parts of London and was not at first aware that there was any official concern about the movement. I thought it was just like that. At a meeting in North Lewisham a young man who arrived late and left early remarked, "Let's face it – this country is run by the civil servants. When you come down to it the Labour Party has simply governed by regulation ever since it got in. The Socialists think anyone who makes a profit is a crook, except for the Government, of course. To be frank, all that I'm interested in is what concerns me personally, or the company I keep, or my salary."

The evening's debate, at which he made his brief appearance, had been flecked with a similar cynicism. The motion was "That this house believes it to be in the best interests of all concerned that immigrants who come to this country for training should be encouraged to return thereafter to their home countries."

About 40 members were squashed into a room in the local Constitutional Club. The room also contained a dart board, a fruit machine, and a large photograph of the Queen. The proposer and opposer of the motion were both confident, dark-suited and neat. Their seconders were clearly nervous and wore woolly sweaters and sports jackets with rows of pen tops gleaming from their breast pockets. One of the seconders was afflicted with regular and lengthy mute periods throughout his speech. His partner passed him a sheet of paper clearly inscribed GET ON WITH IT! The style of rhetoric was occasionally eccentric—"And now thirdly, for my fourth point" – and attempts at embellishment were not always successful: "Indeed I would say that although one may well have indigestion there is no reason why one should suffer from it."

Beneath a colour photograph of Winston Churchill in a siren suit they soldiered gamely on without even pausing to consider the terms of the oddly phrased motion. How, for instance, do you *encourage* an immigrant to go home? Speaker after speaker talked blandly about "sending" them back. Finally four main points emerged. The proposers thought that the immigrants should go home because (a) we don't want them here, and (b) their own countries need them. The opposers thought the immigrants should stay because (a) we need them to man the health and transport services, and (b) there is no future for them at home. The period of general discussion that followed the main speakers' performances suggested that no one had been particularly depressed by the first part of the evening. One man said that our balance of payments difficulties were entirely the result of giving too much aid to developing countries. This was countered with a recommendation that we should give more because "starving people cause trouble."

Keen discussion

The phrase "mobility of labour" was popular, but no one seemed quite sure what it meant. One man illustrated its supposed principles with a description of the advantages attaching to a mass importation of the unemployed citizens of Mauritius. The discussion often bore a strong resemblance to the dialogues of Dudley Moore and Peter Cook – but it lacked their innocence and was not funny. Finally it was decided that immigrants who trained here were useful and should not be "encouraged" to go home.

The most interesting feature of an otherwise unedifying evening was the remarkably cool handling of the proceedings by Arthur Rolfe, the chairman of the branch. He is, at 23, a candidate for the local council, has definite political ambitions, and has been on one of the leadership courses organised by the YC. Members who show any promise in this respect are sent off for weekend training in various parts of the country, notably to the Conservative College at Swinton Hall in Yorkshire. Clearly you cannot teach anyone to be

Left: City members of the Cannon Street branch of the Young Conservatives listen to a lunch-hour pep talk on "Improving the Visual Image of the Party." Below: Girls from the transient bedsitter belt provide a constant supply of new members for the South Kensington Young Conservatives. They get tea in the Secretary's office and a briefing on the importance of group activity.

a leader—what these young men get is some instruction in the theory and practice of politics together with training in organisational matters, committee work and so forth.

I had heard that one of the objects of the courses was to give potential leaders a bit of social gloss as well, to remove the pens from breast pockets, and give pupils exercise in small talk and sherry swilling. But this was strenuously denied by everyone I questioned about the weekends. The knives and forks at meals at Swinton Hall are *not* numbered to correspond with the dishes served. Arthur Rolfe would not be able to attend the next YC meeting in North Lewisham because he was due to address a rally of Young Communists on that date. "I used to be a little alarmed by them, but the best thing to do really is just to attack the policies of the Labour Government. At least we agree on that score." He is not, however, one of those who believe that any Labour policy – including those recently adopted from the Conservatives – is necessarily unspeakably evil. Nor has he the habit of referring to Harold Wilson as "the acting Prime Minister" – a figure of speech currently popular in YC circles.

Problems of immigration and integration seem to lie heavy on the Young Conservative mind at the moment – there is perhaps a smart still lingering from Smethwick, and perhaps also some embarrassment and confusion about Right-wing Party attitudes to Rhodesia. At the South Kensington Branch of YCs there is, for instance, a policy group investigating immigration. This group will eventually produce a paper or report on its findings, to be passed up through the various constituency and area committees until it reaches the policy-making echelons of the Party itself.

Bow Group energiser

Central Office always takes care to emphasise that it is passionately concerned about the views of Young Conservatives. Anne Viggars, a primary school teacher who is lady vice-chairman of the South Kensington branch, and also a member of the Bow Group, organises these policy sessions. "The object of these meetings is not so much to get out a report as to get people discussing important issues in depth. We've actually had three immigrants at our meetings. Two were members of the South Kensington YCs as it happens, and the other was a friend of someone. I suppose they aren't entirely typical, but they live in an immigrant area and I'm sure they must know what the others in their neighbourhood feel about things. Most of the immigrants come here with some idea of the problems they're going to encounter, you know. Of course, we were terribly frank with our three – we said quite bluntly at the beginning that we were going to discuss COLOUR and PREJUDICE. Brought it right out in the open. Actually we got on wonderfully well with them." One wonders if the immigrants went back to North Kensington and passed on the conclusions of the policy group to their fellow expatriates.

The South Kensington YCs are one of the most political groups in London, and also one of the largest, with a membership of about 550. Since new members are joining all the time, they were understandably surprised and baffled when the Area YC Committee told them they were having too many political meetings. Things like "balance" were mentioned. One of the most interesting YC meetings I went to was the talk on the Future of Secondary Education given to the South Kensington branch by a house master at a London comprehensive school. There were over 100 people present and discussion afterwards was brisk and more or less intelligent.

The South Kensington YCs owe some of their success to the fact their headquarters are right in the middle of the biggest bed-sitter belt in London. New arrivals are often lonely – the YCs meet two or three times a week and go en masse at weekends to dances and functions given by other branches. Bed-sitter dwellers go out more than those who live at home, and are also likely, perhaps, to have more initiative. But the population round Kensington and Earls Court changes constantly, with the result that the committee of the South Kensington branch finds it difficult to keep track of its membership. Patricia Steel, the secretary of the branch, said that she often found that she didn't know a single person at some of the smaller meetings. About 25 new members signed on at the meeting I went to, and they were welcomed by Miss Steel at a tea-drinking initiation in her office. Mostly pink-cheeked girl flat-sharers, they sat around with their tea cups in tongue-tied silence. Miss Steel wanted to know how they had heard about the club. It was mostly "word of mouth." "Now," said Miss Steel, "when you see the letter 'D' in the programme it means there will be dancing afterwards. When you see the letter 'B' it means we will move on to The Britannia in Allen Street for a natter and a pint of brew." She said everyone was particularly welcome to come to the Monday meetings because "good speakers expect an audience of *at least* 100." They were lucky in their geographical position because they could get MP speakers back to the House in time for the division bell at 10 pm.

That evening being marked "D" in the programme, dancing occurred when the chairs had been cleared away in the hall. It was not very lively – a high proportion seemed to have developed a technique for waltzing to modern jazz. About 50 per cent. of those present were girls, and quite pretty ones too. This seemed to have a soothing effect on the usually boisterous Earls Court element. It was predatory, but quiet and amiable about it. The girls are obviously important to the South Kensington branch.

John Szemerey, their vice-chairman, and a public relations officer in a shipping company, believes very strongly that the political meetings of the branch contribute to its strength. He also believes that the only way the Conservatives will get back into power is by *explaining* their policies carefully and constantly to non-believers. He gave me an engraved card bearing the address and tele-

continued overleaf

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MEN, WOMEN & YOUNG CONSERVATIVES

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phone number of The Hyde Park Tories. This is a heckle-proof group with a core of 30 fearless open-air speakers and a reserve strength of about 150 around the country.

They began at Hyde Park Corner on the Sunday after last election. A Communist speaker offered his stand to one of their number, who was expressing his frustration at the turn of events in national politics by doing a spot of very aggressive heckling. Now they go along every Sunday, and sometimes have as many as three meetings going simultaneously. "There are established groups now who come to argue with us from as far afield as West Ham and places like that. They begin heckling before we've even got the stands up, but they're always very friendly and pleasant afterwards." I spoke to Szemerey after the Hull by-election. He was in a state of profound gloom. "We should have gone up there and had some open-air meetings. I'm convinced we could have made a big difference. Perhaps that's just wishful thinking. But we'll never get back just by gimmicks and attacking the other side. We've got to *explain* our policies, make it quite clear what we stand for." For a professional PRO Szemerey is curiously unimpressed by the efficacy of publicity and gimmicks. Not so the rest of the Party. The Bow Group magazine *Crossbow* contains two fierce articles attacking Tory publicity as "muddled, mistaken, and plain amateurish," and declaring that the constituency organisation do not know how to "sell ideas." The first article is titled "Vague and Incompetent" and the second "Outdated and Stereotyped."

At a lunch-time meeting of the Cannon Street branch of the YCs I heard a talk on the subject of "Improving the Visual Image." The speaker was one John Melling. He wore an astonishing green satin waistcoat and said "Visual gimmickry is a very good substitute for policies." He described himself as "a professional man" who also works voluntarily for the Conservative Party television training groups. Sir Alec Douglas-Home was not good on television because "we never had a chance to work on him properly." Macleod, he says, is a "natural" and Heath has great potential because he has good bone structure, but "some people say his smile makes them sick to the stomach. You may think," said Melling, "that I am talking wildly. But if there were reporters at this meeting, they might well produce the headline 'Eccentric Lecturer Says Party Leaders Are Television Death's Heads.' Now, that would be good publicity wouldn't it? Get people talking, get some discussion going. If you're going to get people watching political programmes on television, instead of *Coronation Street*, you've got to give them something they can talk about afterwards. We work on the basis on TV that the average viewer has the IQ of a child of 14. Some politicians need a lot of help before they can be effective on television. Everyone has good and bad days, of course, but strange things happen to some people as soon as they're in front of a camera.

Cragginess counts

"They freeze, and begin to look as if they've died in their chair. You need an expressive, craggy face and bright eyes to come across well. But even then things can go wrong. For instance Enoch Powell was interviewed by Henry Fairlie recently. It looked as if they only had one camera working because Fairlie was hardly ever in the picture. He had one-upped Powell from the beginning by sprawling in his chair instead of sitting up properly. If the viewers had seen too much of that they would have concluded 'If Powell can't even interest Fairlie, why on earth should I pay any attention to him?' Powell's image is a very serious and academic one – quite the wrong man for wide appeal. But Harold Wilson gives a tremendous theatrical performance – he is a natural actor. He can make his voice *throb* with sincerity. People may not remember much of what he says, if anything – but they are likely to feel that they 'trust' him afterwards."

John Melling went on in this vein for three-quarters of an hour. He was a good speaker and much of what he said was very entertaining. The Cannon Street branch of the YCs is an anomaly in that there is no age limit for members.

South Kensington Young Conservatives dance after a discussion on The Future of Secondary Education

Many of the audience were middle-aged pin-striped businessmen. Some of the older ones were clearly shocked by Melling's remarks. His attitude was that his job was to "sell" the Party, and not to consider how they should govern.

One wondered how his speech would have struck a non-Conservative member of the public – with an IQ higher than that of a child of 14 – who might have wandered into the meeting. Applause at the end of his speech was enthusiastic, and the vice-chairman of the branch, Peter Wallis, thanked him warmly for giving them "a breath of fresh air" – which leaves a curious question mark hanging over other meetings at Cannon Street.

But that meeting was definitely "fresh air" by comparison with the atmosphere at the annual general meeting of Hampstead Young Conservatives. This branch has 650 members, excellent premises, and some repute both socially and politically. They are more strongly middle-class than most YC branches. I had had a mental picture of the typical YC member – male and female version – before I began going to their meetings. Only at Hampstead was the old-fashioned genuine article in evidence in any numbers. This year Hampstead won the area debating and tennis competitions, and one of their girls won the Miss YC 1966 title. Their MP, Henry Brooke, is also president this year of the Greater London Area YCs. Mr Brooke's majority at the last election was 1,800 as compared with 12,000 at the previous election. His seat has therefore become marginal. But evidently he feels he has something to be grateful for – in his address to his YCs he said: "Many other MPs would be keenly envious of me at this meeting."

Henry Brooke was elected president for the 17th time by acclamation. They did, however, ask if anyone objected.

The recent difficulties of the Tory Party in deciding upon a leader can perhaps be traced down through the Party to the attitude of YCs to elections. They don't really believe in them at all – it seems much nicer and cleaner if you can get everyone to vote obligingly for one good solid candidate. In many of the smaller YC branches there is no need for elections anyway – the difficulty is to find anyone willing to stand for the various jobs in the branch. Margaret Bowerman, area organiser for the London YCs, told me brightly over the telephone "Next Saturday we elect Quintin Hogg as president of the YCs for this year." She was surprised that I was surprised at her confidence about this. "Oh, well, we only nominate one person, you know." At least no one's feelings get hurt.

Richard Phillips, the outgoing chairman of the Hampstead branch, is a big man. In the branch magazine *Mod Con* he had contributed an article on the importance of wearing a bowler hat. "I suddenly realised that whereas in the past I had had to produce everything from a birth certificate to a driving licence whenever I wanted to pay for a purchase by cheque, now the cheques were being accepted without question."

Also at the Hampstead meeting was Nigel Fiddes, outgoing chairman of all the London Young Conservative Groups. He hadn't really had time to study the Macleod report yet, in which it is stated that "At present a very high proportion of those taking an active part in Conservative associations at universities are lost to the YC movement and this pattern should not continue." In other words, some of the brightest people were being lost to the movement. Nigel Fiddes thought that the fact that the brightest of all – the graduates who work in the Bow Group – were not in it either was not very relevant. "We don't really want political eggheads in the YCs. They tend to be troublesome and they're often a bore. Well, that's not strictly true perhaps. But they are a *bore*. The Young Socialists and Communists are the worst, of course. They'll quote Marx at you chapter and verse forever."

Boredom the enemy

Fiddes is interesting and interested, and eager to discuss YC business. But he has been nine years a member of the movement – first joining when the YCs were at their strongest – and he did not appear to think that anything was particularly wrong. It seems likely that leaders of the movement, such as Fiddes, become fascinated by the complexities of the organisation, make interesting contacts in the Conservative Party itself, and soon become involved in one long round of activities, conferences and courses. They do not realise that the *average* YC meeting in the smaller branches is moderately dull, even to someone who doesn't get bored easily.

The Macleod report is concerned largely with yet more suggested modifications to the system of organisation. I don't understand this section of the report, and I doubt if the average YC member does either. Predictably, the appointment of a PRO is advocated in each branch, but there are recommendations at the beginning of the report which suggest that Macleod and his helpers do understand what is amiss.

"Young people today are better educated, fed, paid, housed and entertained than the '1946' generation. Not only are they benefiting from increased and improved full-time education, two million of them take part in Adult Education Courses. Not only have they shared in the general rise in prosperity but at least those without family responsibilities have much more money to spend. Young people today are marrying and having families earlier and an increasing proportion of them are buying their own homes. To those who do so, the home is the natural centre of their lives and there they entertain their friends . . . when they do go out they demand sophisticated standards. . . . A new 'teleliteracy' has immensely widened the horizons of the young; the problems of Vietnam and Rhodesia have become almost as real as those of their own locality. TV too has opened the home to all political points of view."

To sum up, a "Youth Club" atmosphere won't do any more and neither will dim political discussions. In an attempt to get in the young married couples, the report suggests extending the age limit to 35, having supper clubs, and "home groups" for young wives. Probably the biggest difficulty of all is that membership is no longer solidly middle-class.

"It is attempting too much in one programme to try to interest the school leaver and the young married man, the laboratory assistant and the young solicitor, the copy typist and the career woman. The weekly meeting in the local village hall or Conservative Club, consisting of speaker, discussion, and refreshment is not necessarily the best way to organise a mass youth movement in modern times."

It remains to be seen what action will be taken on this report – if any. It is not a directive but simply a number of recommendations. While the Conservative Party organisation understood the tastes and interests of its younger members the YCs were successful and very useful to the Party. It seems to have become a little one-sided now, and the YCs are weakening as a result. An explanatory leaflet from party headquarters describing the organisation and role of the YCs in each local Conservative Association states that "The members of each association are divided into three categories, men, women, and Young Conservatives." Some re-thinking of this particular categorisation might be helpful as a first approach to the problem of interesting young men and women in Conservative politics.

Jane Wilson

A GUIDE FOR EVERY SCOUT

The Movement is getting a bit touchy about the old image, says RODNEY BURBECK

He was nattily dressed, young and fresh-faced with public relations accent. "What we have to do," he said, "is reinvigorate public interest. Some people have entirely the wrong idea about what we are up to you know."

"You mean all camp fires and toggles," I said.

"Woggles, actually, old chap," he said.

After 60 years of camp fires and woggles and things the Boy Scouts are getting a trifle touchy about their image. For the past two years, 24 Senior Scouters have been making an agonising reappraisal of the Movement. Their coming report will be uppermost in the minds of many of the 1,000 Scouts parading at the annual Founder's Day service at Westminster Abbey on 19 February. The report is due at the end of May and it is confidently expected to shock the shorts off many old timers.

It has even been whispered darkly in the corners of Scout huts that recommendations will be made for closer co-operation with the Girl Guides. Some of the more militant Scouts have long been lobbying for complete amalgamation with the Guides.

Deflation

At last count there were 544,525 boys and young men concerned with Scouting in Britain from Wolf Cubs up. That's about 40,000 fewer than five years ago but the Scouts' Association put this down to the deflation of the post-war population bulge and prefer to reckon in percentages. One boy in nine between the ages of eight and 18 is a Scout, they say. They estimate that there are 3,000,000 ex-Scouts.

Proudly they produce a list headed "Notable Old Scouts," where the Prime Minister is revealed to have put in 10 years as Cub and Scout with the 20th Huddersfield and 28th Birkenhead troops. Whereas Mr Billy Cotton saw service with the 1st Westminster. (The satirists could make something of *that*.) Predictably, Jack Hawkins spent eight years "dyb dyb dybbing" – and unpredictably Ken Dodd and Michael Frayn both donned cap and woggle before going their widely divergent ways.

With such varied and distinguished old boys you wouldn't have thought they need worry about their image. But worry they do . . . enough to appoint a firm of PR consultants, Ogilvy and Mather, to polish it up. Account executive is Peter Stephens, whose previous campaigns include the famous anti-trading stamp war. And the Boy Scouts' Association appointed its own information-cum-press officer . . . dapper, fast-talking Peter Atkinson, former reporter.

Peter Stephens describes the function of his team: "To let the public see Scouting as it really is. Too many people are under the impression that it is an old-fashioned organisation."

When his contract expires in three years he hopes Scouting will no longer be a music-hall joke. He is pinning a lot of his hope on the results of the Chief Scout's "Advance Party" investigation, whose report in May will be a blueprint for the New, Advanced, Whiter than White Boy Scouts. I wouldn't be surprised to see them going into TV advertising with a snappy slogan. Something like: "Don't be a lout – be a Scout." Or something.

Certainly they will be recommending modifications of the traditional uniform. Somehow it must be brought into line with modern fashion ideas. Already the jelly-bowl hat has been forsaken for the beret. And the shorts – bane of most self-conscious adolescent-age Scouts – are now non-compulsory.

Also predicted are drastic changes in the 168-page book of "Policy, Organisation and Rules" that governs the functioning of the Scout Movement. Its origins in the Army mind are only too obvious with prize paragraphs like this: "The function of DCCs and AKLs under the leadership of the ACC (Training) are to assist the CCs and DCs." And rules like this: "A pack is entitled to carry a totem pole on suitable occasions."

Being 60 years old, of course, there must be a surfeit of tradition. Like the three-fingered salute, the left-handed handshake, and the cries of "*dyb dyb dyb*" and "*dob dob dob*" (which mean, if you are wondering, "*do your best*" and "*do our best.*") Like those knots with strange names . . . bowlines and half-hitches and sheet bends and sheepshanks. And if you want to be a pioneer you have to be able to make a "three-strand Turk's head woggle."

Gold-diggers

But what of the modern Scouts? The television, ton-up, discotheque, op-art-age Scout? I tracked one down in a way which would have warmed the heart of my old Cubmaster – via three phone calls, one well-thumbed A to Z, and a rush-hour drive up the Finchley Road. At the Top Rank Bowl in Golders Green I trapped 28-year-old Talbot Massey, group leader of the 11th St Marylebones.

Mr Massey is a Scout extraordinary. He wears a fur-collared shortie coat and a broken nose, and somehow manages to run a home and family as well as Cubs and Scouts and Rovers and Senior Scouts. Last year he took seven Seniors on a trip to Japan. With another group he went off to the Welsh mountains to look for gold. Yes, gold. And they found £18 worth.

He would like to see changes made to make Scouting more attractive to the modern boy. "Something more normal than tying knots – like football. I would like to see a Scout football league. Unfortunately we do have a cissy sort of image.

"We did a poll and asked boys why their friends wouldn't become Scouts. Nearly all said it was because of the shorts. When they come to meetings they wear long trousers over their shorts until they are inside the hut.

Getting mobile

"I'm sure things like the Scout Promise and Scout Law don't really mean very much to today's boys. But on the other hand things like the traditional Scout camp will always attract them.

"Although even *that* is changing. In my day we thought nothing of walking 20 miles to the camp site. Today we go by car."

Mr Massey is a supporter of the movement for more co-operation with the Guides. He agrees with one of the Scouts' booklets which reports deadpan: "Although most younger Scouts do not want girls around, their elders are glad to have the chance of joint training activities, such as adventure journeys."

He tells a story of the party of Cubs he took to a circus at Christmas. The lions and the elephants left them cold. But they cheered like mad when a lady was partly stripped by a man using a whip.

I wonder what the PR image-makers would make of that!

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MAN WITH A NEW CAREER

Meet Nureyev, choreographer . . . now he is causing excitement in three cities, says JOHN GUNSTONE

Dame Margot Fonteyn explained it simply. "He's driven to do it," she said. "It's a compulsion."

Compulsion or not, the bold new career of Rudolf Nureyev, choreographer, is sending the temperature up at present in at least three opera capitals of Europe. In Vienna his first original ballet, *Tancredi*, has its first night on 14 May, in Milan preparations are being made for his new full-length production of *The Sleeping Beauty* at La Scala and in London Nureyev is talking with painters and composers about other new ballets.

Dame Margot continued: "He has a great deal of knowledge, ability and imagination, and if you have these things you can't sit still. Other people don't have them to such a degree. Me, I'm stuck with dancing. But in his case he's driven to create. It can be very hard on him—it's a terrible effort. Like a man who must write but has to work very hard at it.

"He just can't go on every day dancing roles he knows very well. If there were new ballets at Covent Garden every week that would be the answer. That would absorb him."

Hot dogs

Nureyev, choreographer, is a happier man than Nureyev, star dancer. I had lunch with him recently during rehearsals of his production of *Raymonda* with the Australian Ballet. I have not seen him so absorbed, happy and excited. A meal with him can be a risky business. Sometimes he can be capricious, unforthcoming. This time, arriving straight from rehearsal, he joked about the hot dogs he and Dame Margot had bought the night before, talked about the Brando movie he had seen that week, praised Ralph Koltai's sets for *Raymonda*, joked that he was thinking of going to Cambridge to study English, and talked knowledgeably about Op art.

He was quite straightforward about why he has become a choreographer. "I do these things to make work for myself. That's the only reason. I do not get enough work to do at Covent Garden."

Then he went back to continue the rehearsal. One moment he would be giving his orders in an imperious way, the next dashing up to the stage to demonstrate the steps, and then, in a surprising change of mood, he would pick up the microphone in front of him and, grinning, imitate a pop singer.

So far Covent Garden has been reticent in asking Nureyev to direct a full-length ballet. Vienna and La Scala could not ask quickly enough. The reason? It's difficult to say. Nureyev is popular among his fellow dancers but he collides head on with the no-star system of a rather conservative company, and in the past has not been backward in his criticisms.

New ground

A year ago in an interview he said: "I feel now that it's no use my waiting for other people to create chances for me. . . . One needs choreographers who will break new ground."

His ballet *Tancredi* for Vienna certainly breaks new ground. His collaborators are the German composer Hans Werner Henze (like Nureyev an impeccable romantic), and the young Australian painter Barry Kay, who has made his home in London for the past few years.

Kay explains: "The stage setting represents a human brain. Everything takes place inside the brain. Rudi has viewed the work from a pyschological viewpoint. Tancredi himself is involved in a triangle. It's pure love versus physical attraction."

Both Ralph Koltai, of the Royal Shakespeare company, and Kay praised Nureyev as a collaborator. Koltai said: "He has very good ideas" and Kay said: "He's flexible and adaptable. Very sensible."

Nureyev himself says: "To produce is difficult and exciting. One has to be sure of one's idea. And not just of following someone else's idea."

Nureyev's debut as a producer was a triumph when he staged the old Russian ballet *La Bayadere* at Covent Garden.

He said afterwards: "You know I always wanted to produce even before I became a star in Russia. I used to seek out music, to send for it, to pore over it. To dream of creating not just a part, but a whole performance."

The partnership between Fonteyn and Nureyev is now nearly six years old. He and Fonteyn have a mutual understanding – and respect. Talk of

a romantic attachment between them is nonsense.

Dame Margot says: "Dancing with Rudi brings a keenness and freshness to what I do. He brings new interpretations and ideas. We found we could work together right from the start. Our first ballet was *Giselle*, which was good because it was so fluid. *Les Sylphides* was a ballet I rarely danced because I never really had a clear understanding of it. Rudi made it quite clear in his interpretation. We found *Swan Lake* the most difficult because our conceptions were so very different."

Fonteyn added: "When I am dancing with him and I look across the stage I do not see Nureyev, a man I know and talk to every day. I see the character of the ballet, for he is absorbed in his role."

After a performance he relaxes. The other night after a performance of *Giselle* with Fonteyn he turned up at a small party given by actor Laurence Harvey.

The women

Another evening recently he turned up at a small party at the Savoy given for Stravinsky. His party companions included Edward Heath, Sir Malcolm Sargent, pianist Julius Katchen and various unattractive middle-aged women who made a dive for the dancer. He muttered polite courtesies and left.

His main way of relaxation nowadays is his villa in the South of France in the hills near Monte Carlo. Whenever he has a spare weekend he flies off. His hospitality is lavish.

When he danced in Nice recently with the Australian Ballet he invited the whole company to a party. On arrival they found a magnificent, generous spread of food and drink. Nureyev said to them simply: "The house is yours." And he meant it. He has developed a close friendship recently with Franco Zeffirelli, the brilliant young Italian opera producer who has now returned to making movies. There has been a lot of talk about Nureyev appearing as an actor in various films. For my money I would say that the first film he appears in will be one directed by Zeffirelli.

I cherish the memory of Nureyev and Sir Frederick Ashton, director of the Royal Ballet, sitting next to each other at Danny La Rue's nightclub the other night, and Sir Frederick explaining the finer points of the send-up by Danny La Rue and partner of Nureyev and Fonteyn.

U.S. idol

Nureyev is fully immersed in the life of the West. In America he is an idol with a following of Valentino dimensions. One famous actress got down on her knees before him in Hollywood last autumn and said: "Nureyev, you're god." The Tartar just smiled an acknowledgment.

But it is no use asking him to compare ideologies – Communism versus Capitalism. He says: "It was not for any political reason that I decided not to return to Russia, but because of personal pressures. I know that my kind of individualist temperament is not easy to fit into a group. I value self-reliance and personal independence. Without them I could not respect myself. That's all."

This year could be the most important in Nureyev's life. At 27 his dancing is already a legend and now he makes this bold dash to succeed as a creator of ballets and begin a parallel career that will outlast his days as a dancer, and which may be the real fulfilment of his personal life.

Nureyev will often tell you that he was born on a train and he considers this the most romantic event of his life—"that I should have been born between two places seems to be appropriate—it makes me feel it was my destiny to be cosmopolitan." But being cosmopolitan has meant that since he made his dash for freedom at Orly airport his life is without a permanence and his passport carries the word: Stateless.

Behind the glamour, the adoring audiences, the stricken women, the villa in Monte Carlo and the £3,000 Mercedes-Benz sports car, the burning talent, there stands a sensitive, restless human being.

Not only does Rudolf Nureyev have much to give the world in his new career; one hopes it will give back to him a deep happiness.

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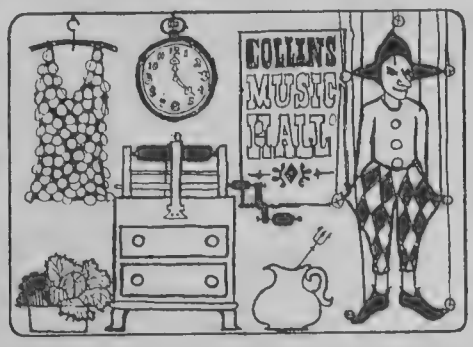


Composer Richard Rodney Bennett claims conversion has quadrupled the value of his house just off Islington Green. It had 20 resident Irish labourers when he bought it. His opera *The Mines of Sulphur* gets its Italian première at La Scala, Milan, this month (director: film producer John Huston). It had its world première, of course, at local opera house – Sadler's Wells.

Unity Hall, Islington, is not a building. She is the attractive editor of one of the top pop magagines. Lives eleganty in Canonbury.

Anyone who moves into Islington will find among their neighbours: Lionel Hale, Dom Moraes, Stuart Black, David Buck, Sir Basil Spence, Angus McBean, Robert Carrier, Raymond Mortimer, B S Johnson, Peter Wildeblood, Sir William Coldstream, Perry Guinness, Richard Rodney Bennett, Ma Clendinning, Guy de Rochers.

Place to be on Thursday evenings: the Islington Folk Club. It is held at The Fox on Islington Green. Started just over a year ago by whistling Irishman Ernie Groome, Welshman Arthur Roberts, Englishman Noel de Berry and folk figure Bob Davenport, the club now claims a membership of 1,800. Average turnout for a session is about 100, which should make other clubs sit up. Pete Seeger tends to drop in.

ISLINGTON CONTAINS: the country's only permanent puppet theatre – the Little Angel in Dagmar Passage, run by John Wright. It is housed in a one-time temperance hall behind St Mary's Church, and maintains a continuous repertory of plays with young children as well as adults in mind.

Probably the best fruit, fish and veg market in North London – Chapel Market, also operating on Sunday mornings. The Salad Lady offers on her stall the widest possible range of food in season.

Obviously the area can be called arty in its most specific sense: within the square mile are 15 picture framers. Arthur Roberts – whose shop on the Green also specialises in crystal objects – claims to be the busiest. But then, he has been since the *Spectator* dubbed him London's best framer five years ago.

Camden Passage put Islington on the list of in-places for a Saturday morning. A narrow alley behind Upper Street, it was promoted by local shop owner John Payton as the ideal site for an antique market. Bombed areas were cleared for stallholders, as shops fell vacant antique dealers moved in.

Now there are 32 antique shops, on market day (Saturday) an additional 50 stalls. Next month Payton's Place (as the complex is affectionately called) receives a new extension when a warehouse owned by the North London Carpet Planners is converted into an antique arcade with another 19 shops, all under cover and including an automatic café. John Payton feels the new market has been nicely done and the whole area is now well established. "If only the council would help a little bit," he says. "They could take down the awful modern lamp posts they've put up and hang a few direction signs – just little things."

Policy change for the Tower Theatre in Canonbury envisaged. Plans are afoot to promote a repertory system of two or three plays with a common theme, playing on successive nights.

The Caledonian Road, Belle Isle and Maiden Lane contain, with their adjuncts, at least 20,000 inhabitants packed by tens and twenties into small, ill-built hovels. They exist rather than live in a state of dirt and destitution only to be credited when witnessed: said the *City Press* in 1865.

The St Pancras North Conservative Association collected 500 new members during last year.

The steady influx of famous and elegant residents continues. Early Victorian squares and terraced cottages built for workmen continue to attract – this outside the ever-exclusive inner-circle of Canonbury. Problems of living in eight rooms on four floors occasionally baffle prospective buyers. Overheard: "Of course, we could *sleep* on the ground floor and have the bathroom on the first. . . ." House in question, in Pierrepoint Row and already converted, is going for round about £11,000. An unconverted house next door costs almost half as much. A terraced, later – and therefore less elegant – house in St Peter's Street (which jerks down from the Green almost to the City Road) is available at £4,250 – this including sitting tenants and only four vacant rooms. An unrenovated house in Gibson Square is offered at £8,500. A double-fronted Georgian house in Canonbury itself is offered at £20,000 for an 84-year lease.

Photographer Terence Donovan's newest boutique – called The Shop – has opened on the Green. All black and purple, with black and white mattress ticking curtains looped regally aside at the window there's a feeling of Beardsley decadence about it. But close inspection is difficult owing to the barrier of North London mod girls admiring bell-bottomed, wide-check hipsters.

SAD SIGHTS: Collins Music Hall pub – facing the statue of Sir Hugh Myddleton across the Green – now converted into flats. Most of the old pictures and playbills that used to decorate the bar hang in the Waterman's Arms, Isle of Dogs.

The old Empire Theatre on the High Street – its guts demolished, its façade intact. Originally planned for demolition to make way for a £10-million redevelopment scheme, but all plans thwarted since no one can solve the problem of the Angel intersection, "where we have our permanent traffic jam," as one resident put it.

Beaton took the picture

THE WOMAN WHO MADE ME WANT TO BE A PHOTOGRAPHER

by Cecil Beaton

Many of my adolescent glimpses of the grand world came through the photographs in *The Tatler* which bore the credit line "Miss Compton Collier." They invariably showed us delightfully fair-haired ladies caught in a silvery light enjoying, in a leisurely manner, the herbaceous borders, clipped yews, stone garden seats and sundials of their country houses. Poring over these reproductions week after week I came to know Miss C C's taste extremely well.

Whenever possible she chose to photograph her subject standing on a piece of flagged path, and she loved the London Pride, bachelors' buttons and harebells that grew between the stones. Balustrades, terraced steps and rustic bridges were other favourite haunts. Occasionally Miss Compton Collier would sprinkle a successful actress or two among her aristocratic sitters, but these, too, would be photographed as far as possible from the atmosphere of the theatre and would be found on holiday, leaning against a gate surrounded by cow parsley, or holding a sheaf of corn in some stable yard. In fact, my earliest family snapshots were mostly made in emulation of Miss Compton Collier, and with a succession of metallic clicks the legs of the tripod were always pulled out when I came across a rustic arbour, water-lilied pool, or other setting that appeared worthy of the master. Trying to appear like the Ladies and Honourables, or stage stars "on holiday," my wretched schoolgirl sisters would then be made to pose by garden urns or sundials, or among the Japanese anemones and harebells. But, try as I might, my sepia prints, brought from the washhand basin of hypo, never acquired the silverpoint effect of the original inspiration.

In the magazines other photographs were attributed to "Rita Martin," "Lallie Charles," Bassano," "Langfier" or "Foulsham and Banfield," so why should "Miss Compton Collier" be given the prefix to her name? Who was this lady? I was intrigued to discover her whereabouts but I knew of no one who had met her, and her name was not listed in the telephone book.

It was many years after Miss Compton Collier's photographs had ceased to appear when an aristocratic Wiltshire neighbour told me that Miss C C had recently paid her and her

continued overleaf

THE WOMAN WHO MADE ME WANT TO BE A PHOTOGRAPHER

by Cecil Beaton

continued

Pictured, of course, in the Beaton garden by Miss Compton Collier – right: Cecil Beaton, and, below, Beaton and his mother.

family a professional visit. I was intrigued to know that this mysterious lady still existed. I was informed that Miss C C continued her career with unimpaired zest, and each spring would send out an itinerary of her summer tour stating that she would be in the neighbourhood during a certain week in case she were needed for an "at home" sitting. My curiosity urged me to the audacity of writing to ask her if she would visit me professionally at Broadchalke and take some pictures of my mother and myself in the garden. In answer to my inquiry Miss C C graciously announced her willingness to oblige me the next time she was in the south-west. Her arrival one Sunday was much looked forward to.

No nonsense

Miss C C proved to be an extremely agile spinster of over 70 with a pale brown face of minor distinctiveness with the flesh solid, shiny and healthy. She was dressed in Lewis Baumer old-fashioned clothes – somewhat like a landgirl of the 1914 war with large felt hat and swinging skirts. From the moment of arrival she projected a personality that boded no nonsense, and brooked no interruption of her main objective – to seek out the nearest flagged path and the most lichen-mottled stone garden ornaments. A slightly forced giggle was part of her stock-in-trade. This softened any veiled criticism and enabled her to make all sorts of observations that, without it, might have caused offence: it was certainly not a giggle from the heart. I felt that Miss C C did not approve of the decoration of my house: she was only interested in the bathroom and the quicker out into the garden the better.

Miss C C is extremely knowledgeable about gardens: "After all, I have photographed 11,000 of them!" She knows her England well: "Dorset has the best little manor houses. Oxford is where the *nouveau riche* live in gardens planned by Sutton's. That thatched wall is typical of Wiltshire; we must take that – but, oh dear! – the horrid sun is coming out! I hate the hard light it gives. Such a bad week last month – sun every day! I loved last summer – rain all the time. People can't believe it when I photograph them in a downpour. But I say: 'I'll give you your money back if you don't like it!' " Recently in Scotland she had placed a whole family in the garden under umbrellas – and at a given moment ordered the ghillies to rush up to take away the umbrellas while the exposure was made before returning the covering over the heads of the sitters. "Ah, good! Here's a nice piece of black cloud coming up! It makes everything so much more becoming." The most devilish pieces of malice are sweetened with that girlish giggle: she reminded me of that dear old lady in *Arsenic and Old Lace*.

She moved with loping, businesslike tread with surprising velocity from one location to another, her voluminous skirts swinging as she went. No young photographer of the new school works with a straighter line of attack or greater efficiency. Miss C C has a quick eye. "Here's a nice piece of back lighting! No, that *prunus* casts an ugly shadow on the face." She is adept at dismissing other people's suggestions when they don't fit her theories.

Dynamic performance

Miss C C took pictures of my mother and myself sitting on an old stone seat with the dog at our feet, and leaning on the rockery wall by the gardener's cottage with the farmer's cat. Behind the camera Miss C C's performance was dynamic – even acrobatic. In order to maintain the interest of her subjects she would jump up and down, waving an arm, squeaking a rubber dog, and humming in a high, musical voice. Suddenly, with a heavy click, the shutters of the lens would open and close. "Got it!" shouted Miss C C in triumph. Then the anti-climax of replacing the back of the plate. Miss C C's face was now a matter-of-fact mask. The switch from such inspired enthusiasm to business was somewhat of a disillusion.

At lunch she told us that for many a donkey's lifetime now she has lived in a small house in West End Lane, Hampstead, tended by an old servant of 76. Miss C C appears so strong and healthy that one knows it is true that when she goes to bed it is to sleep so soundly that nothing will disturb her – not even a bomb. In fact, in one raid when the roof was blown off the house, and all her rooms but two were destroyed, Miss C C slept on oblivious of the excitement. "Every day of my summer is taken up with work: from April to October I'm busy, so I leave everything that has to be done outside that to my winter months. I only do shopping in January: if a cup gets broken it has to wait till the first of the year. But I hate shopping in any case – it bores me. Now these clothes I'm wearing were bought 15 years ago. I never read the papers: they're so vulgar. I have never listened to the radio: I hear everything I want to hear. And I never do the usual things like filling in a census – I just haven't time. Even in the war I never applied for a ration book. I hardly ever go to a play, but when I do I ring up and find out first if it's got a nice happy ending because I hate all these squalid dramas that are so much the fashion. I hate what magazines have become and won't contribute to them any more now. I've never worked for the Press: if, in the old days, my pictures were used in *The Tatler* it was I who chose the people to photograph – I never took people specially for the paper."

I interpolated: "I used to love your pictures of actresses." "Oh, I did very little theatrical work!" She seemed shocked. I continued: "But Julia James? You took her reading a book with her feet up on a stone seat." "Oh yes," Miss Compton Collier giggled shame-facedly, "her friend the Baroness d'Erlanger asked me to go down to them." "And Gladys Cooper?" "From time to time, but she once kept we waiting an hour, and when she appeared I said it was now time for me to leave. That taught her a lesson – she was never late again!" "And Renée Kelly? The actress who played in *Daddy Long Legs*." "Yes, I remember she was such a nice unaffected person: I like simple natural people." "Why did you photograph her in a stable yard?" I asked. "People ask me why I choose a certain place to photograph? I just don't know. It worries me when I start to think about why I do a thing."

Art will out

"How did you become a photographer?" I asked blankly. "I had a weak heart at school and wasn't allowed to play games. Someone gave me a camera and I suppose that the artistic feelings, always in my family, came out in my generation in this different way. In another century I would have been a painter, I suppose. My great-grandfather sang at Queen Victoria's wedding."

Miss C C does most of her own processing, and said she was up till three o'clock last night developing plates. "I've never used a film negative in my life! This box of plates weighs 40 lb., I know well – whenever I go in an airplane I pay on it. But nowadays plates aren't what they were: they're so often cracked. In fact everything's not what it was; the only compensation is that one won't have to put up with it much longer."

All her paraphernalia is entirely obsolescent. She climbs under a dark red velvet cloth attached to her 1895 camera with its long rubber tube with ball attached as shutter release. Hanging from the wooden tripod is a large bag containing a menagerie of toy dogs, mice and other pets to attract the attention of her children and animal sitters.

Miss C C is not touched by the vagaries of fashion. She does just what she wants in her independent way; her

technique is completely evolved. She has never visited a photographic exhibition, shows complete ignorance of the work of other photographers, has no further ambitions. Yet she is never bored with her work: each sitting gives her the thrill of an innovation.

And she has not only perfected every aspect of her work but of her method of living. Since travel is such an essential part of her existence she always tries to be on friendly terms with the guard and the train driver before going on a journey: otherwise, she says, they will fight among themselves and not bring her in on time.

On many occasions clients have told her that the only occasion on which the train was punctual was when she was on it. Once, however, in spite of her having begged the driver to bring her to her destination on the dot, she found him picking violets on the line by Basingstoke.

Sunday shock

But today's journey had been particularly disgraceful! She mustn't travel again on a Sunday – oh no! – it was iniquitous when you had paid for your ticket to have a whole lot of excursion travellers thrown in with you. The carriage had been crowded: the nicest, most civilised man present was an Indian, who had helped, with others, to fight a brute of a man who insisted on sitting on someone else's reserved seat. But Miss C C remarked: "Travel today isn't what it was. The food on trains is so appalling that I can't eat it: I tell them I can't afford to be poisoned – I'm too busy."

In the silvery prints that resulted from her visit both my mother and I appeared so calm and leisurely – our faces smoothed and our hair so silken – that we had somehow been transported back to an earlier epoch. We were not only amused, but delighted, for is it not marvellous that just occasionally, the spirit of one's childhood is still alive?

LOVING LONDON STYLE

The business of falling in love, of courting and mating, has acquired a new aspect during the last decade: old solemnities are being sloughed away by the new, vital race of youngsters who command life instead of letting tradition or precedent guide their manners. In this, the first of three articles, CHARLOTTE BINGHAM traces the background of this sexual revolution

Some bard once tossed off something to the effect that love changes when it finds that things weren't quite what they used to be. He was probably on to something at the time, but the actual method of loving appears to change radically with each generation. Love, once dominated by the brooding rebel-conscious spirit of the fifties, has acquired a new lease of life. And the exultant confidence that has run through the first six years of the sixties has found its reflection in the methods of courtship, and the changed attitudes of the sexes. Love is no longer a problem (admittedly sex has been made a problem, but only by those toppling into their thirties), it is a jostling, colourful, vigorous business dominated by colourful clothes, and vigorous music.

Never have the young cared less about what has gone before, never has the past held less reality for them. They have no terms of reference except their own. And (for the first time without self-consciousness) they seek to love where and how they wish. Attitudes and styles that were in the minority 10 years ago are mainstream today, and although there still remains a small core of the Middle-Aged Young, their numbers are decreasing, and as men and women grow to look more alike, phrases like The Sex War become meaningless, and the pointless feminine struggle to prove equality has given way to the acceptance that difference is *not* synonymous with inequality.

Easy familiarity is the key to the attitude of the sexes. While women have lost their mystery, they have inherited a right to a man's friendship. Their first forages into mixed company began early with the Nescafé Society. Intense coffee bar exchanges, dashing parties with gallons of fruit cup, mean that courtship becomes a natural progression instead of a sudden shock. Ambitions, too, when they can be shared with the optimistic outlook of people your own age, suddenly become a concrete possibility, and the will to achieve something blossoms early when excessive energy can still crush the greyness of realities.

Probably the greatest advantage of Nescafé Society is that not only do the sexes have a chance (at last) to grow up together, but they have a chance to make their mistakes young, and to shake off any second-hand prejudices that have been handed down to them, before they become hardened. The chances are that if a girl marries at 20, and she has been "stepping out" on and off for six years, she will be making less of a mistake than her predecessors who were flung into the world to find their mates at 18, and subjected to boundless pity if they had not got "hooked" by 21.

"When I was 15 I always went for the ones with the big bosoms. It took me some time to realise that more of something didn't necessarily mean better quality. Not only that, but very often if it's all in the chest there's nothing left for the head."

"There's enough going on early *enough for no one to have to settle for less than they want. It doesn't mean you've got everything worked out, but you've got a better chance of knowing it when it does appear."*

Loving has always been reputedly free. But since the young earn far more than ever before, they now have time to love more expensively: (*"all that stuff about people saving up for a month to take a bird out, I mean supposing she was a drag?"*), and to create a large enough demand for good inexpensive places to go. Enterprisingly, however, they have not been content to sit back and let someone else snip the profits, as a swift glance towards fashion, music, and restaurant shows.

The expensive no longer has class. "Selectivity" is no longer an ideal. The feeling that to go to a place that only the few can afford has given way to a desire to see value, and quality, for money and to sweep aside hothouse ideals of expense account living.

"How can you relax in a place when you know that everything but the lavatory's got its hand out? And even then you can't be too careful."

"I'll take a girl to a bistro if it's the first time out—you'll get out for under a couple of quid; but if it's getting serious I don't mind forking out a fiver for a good dinner."

The fact that men give dinner parties more often than they used to, and take a greater interest in cooking, means that girls no longer have a chance to simper prettily and pretend that they thought that *oeufs en cocotte* was a cure for earache.

Economics and fashion appear, in fact, to have had more of an effect on courting than anything else. Although young people earn more than they used to, they also have to do more for themselves. The old Bulldog Drummond image of the young bachelor in his brown leather chair, with a kindly housekeeper bringing him perfectly cooked steaks for dinner, has disappeared, and Saturday morning at the launderette is as much a social occasion as the *Thé Dansant* (so the myth has it) used to be.

Sharing flats in London, which is the usual premarital ritual, also means that both sexes have had time to adjust to the harsher sides of domesticity before they get married, and very often the vagaries of the opposite sex come as a pleasant surprise after those of your own.

"Brother, if you've been sitting around a flat with some other chap's dirty socks under your bed for a couple of years, you practically want to kiss your wife every time she pinches your razor."

Since neither sex can preserve themselves from each

continued on page 28

Photograph by Peter Arnold

continued
other, their relationships, of necessity, have become far more casual. A girl no longer has to pretend that she looks gorgeous in the early morning, because the chances are that half the men she knows will have spent the night on the floor at some time or another, and have positive proof that she doesn't.

Fashion—and London has become the centre of young fashion today (even those egoists the French have been forced to admit it)—has had an enormous effect on the changed attitudes of the sexes.

"There's no excuse for a girl not to look pretty any more. Clothes, materials, shoes, handbags, they've never been prettier or cheaper. She can practically kit herself out for 20 quid."

"I couldn't go out with a man who wore turn-ups, I mean I just couldn't. I know it shouldn't mean anything, but it just does."

"If a girl's ugly today, it's a positive advantage, *she's got a unique opportunity to look different, really dress it up; there are so many pretty girls, sometimes I get bored with seeing them."*

Young men, unashamedly, are fascinated by women's fashions. They read fashion columns, and look round boutiques with as much an interest as their girl friends. And the initial attraction always seems to be stimulated (for both sexes) by what sort of clothes they're wearing. Taste has become more important than class. People prefer to wear what is new rather than what they used to hope desperately was "correct."

Young London designers were making clothes functional long before Courrèges. And this idea has spread to parties. It is perfectly possible to sit down to dinner with a trouser suit, a hostess gown and a pair of levis. Older people may find it confusing, but at least it has a more humanistic basis than the old idea of Cinderella piping her eye because she didn't have her "Come Dancing" gear to go to the party in. (If only she'd thought of it at the time she'd have realised that cinders round the eyes and a hessian smock were dead "trendy.")

"The older generation gave up the ghost when narrow trousers came in."

Snobs at parties must be hard put to it nowadays to sort out The Right Kind of People. A sneaky look at a man's tie will get him nowhere, and trying to tell whether a girl's got Something Behind Her will take him all his time. She will be more likely to be sporting her brother's watch strap than a family heirloom.

"Clothes have made people realise that it's not where you come from that matters, but what you're like."

"Even my father gets his shirts from John Michael. Five years ago it would have killed him."

"I couldn't bear to marry a man who didn't like clothes."

"Men talk about clothes, like they used to talk about cars. And it doesn't mean they're 'gay' either."

"When we're late people always think it's me. They won't believe it's him *that takes three hours to get ready. And it's not just the tie and socks either, it goes right down to which after-shave he should wear."*

"Break-ups are expensive do's, perhaps that's how the boutiques keep going."

Probably because money is much easier to come by, people seem to have a much more relaxed attitude about who should pay for what. In most cases if a man takes a girl out to dinner, she expects him to pay, but since a lot of dates are made on a "let's all have dinner before we go on to the party" basis, it is quite normal for everyone to expect to pay for their own meal.

"If a bird's earning a lot of money, it can mean that she wants to throw it about a bit, or it can make her expect everyone to treat her as something precious."

"I don't mind passing him a couple of quid under the tablecloth, but I'd draw the line at buying everyone a round."

Parties still remain the great meeting point of the sexes. On the whole girls seem to give more parties than boys, although their problem (in contrast to the previous generation) seems to be trouble in finding enough "birds." Beer and cheap Spanish wine are the most popular drinks, with the minimum of food. Bottle parties aren't as popular as they used to be.

"I don't know why, but if they bring their own stuff they don't seem to mind what they do. It's less expensive to provide the drink than do up your flat every time you have a party."

"I like people to relax when they come to a party here. Once someone pinched two of the windows which was a bit draughty. Still, I suppose he needed them."

"I always take Ronald to parties if I can, he can smell out a bottle of Scotch from two miles away."

"Parties, parties, parties, I've met everyone I know at parties."

Films and the cinema appear to be more interesting than the theatre to the majority of young people before they get married. Going to a film seems to be more relaxing, and to have more of an

continued on page 30

George Harrison, MBE, lead guitar of the Beatles, married Patti Boyd, model, last month. They both wore coats by Mary Quant and had a comparatively quiet wedding. George can offer his bride the confidence of a salary in the comfortable range and a £20,000 house at Esher in Surrey. In many ways their liaison is a projection, on a massive scale, of many youngsters' hopes

continued

immediate appeal than a play. There is still (despite the efforts of the Royal Court and the Aldwych) a more formal connotation about going to the theatre. People still seem to have a vague fear that they'll have to dress up if they go to a play.

"I don't know, I always feel they won't sell me a ticket if I don't have a jacket on."

"You can sit through a bad film and not know you've been bored till you get out, but in the theatre you know after 10 minutes."

"Watching a play is a discipline, seeing a film is a relaxation."

New Wave directors, despite their often very surrealistic approach, appeal more directly to the urge for self-identification in the young than the theatre seems able to do. Interest and imagination may be stimulated by Wildean epithets, lesbian dramas, and East End infanticide, but it is more difficult to identify yourself (when you're in love) with a lesbian employed by the BBC, than it is with Jeanne Moreau bowling along on a bicycle to the enchanting music of Georges Delarue. The cinema also has a more basic appeal.

"Saturday afternoon, a bag of sweeties, and your best bird in the back row, what could be better?"

"You can't even have a cigarette in the theatre without standing looking spare in the corridor."

"If you take a girl to the theatre, you've got to book the seats, rush home from the office, change and rush out again. Starving hungry you nourish your pangs by paying a fortune at the bar. (For drinks which appear to be served from a pipette.) You then rush on to dinner; and go home exhausted."

Just as the theatre does not seem to draw the majority of its supporters from people who are courting, nor, it seems does the sale of hard-cover books. Loving couples exchange, for the most part, an enormous number of long-playing records, such variety of things as Donovan caps, large and small stuffed toys, Gonks and the occasional knick-knack, but buying hard-cover books (because they're expensive) is something reserved for parents' birthdays, and last-minute Christmas shopping. They exchange favourite volumes, re-read the books they've got already, and have been known to buy leather-bound copies of their favourite poets, but on the whole paperbacks provide them with the majority of their reading.

After films and music, poetry is a great stimulant for the romantically involved. Perhaps because so many poems depict the frustrations and agonies of young love; or perhaps because at school poems are the first (permitted) pieces of literature which are considered "proper" to feed the romantic imaginations of the young. It is surprising how many people read poems aloud to each other, and have (in moments of great emotion) been forced to set quill to parchment and evoke the enormity of their ardour.

On the whole love letters have been replaced by the ardent use of the telephone, although separation has been known to shake the most inert lover, and force him to buy a book of stamps. Communication (other than the telephone) evolves round notes left in milk bottles, and small cartoons pushed under the door mat. The popularity of Pop Art, and the manic appeal of white paint, stripped wood and hessian walls has also influenced the sort of present that lovers give each other. A girl appears to be just as thrilled with an earthenware pot as she is by a bottle of scent.

And sets of spice jars are very popular. (Whether it's a gentle hint or a mother fixation it is difficult to discover.)

Making things for each other is another proof of mutual passion.

"How could he do this to me? And after I'd given him my best piece of petit-point, too."

"It depends who I'm in love with. One bird, I kept on making her wire things, I don't know why, I couldn't stop sculpting these pieces of wire all the time, the last one it was water colours, she took the best nine months of my green period, and that's a fact."

A link with the urge for more basic appeals in art, is the change in the looks of what are vulgarly described as sex-symbols. Faces like Rita Tushingham, Jeanne Moreau,

Jean-Paul Belmondo, and David Warner's are a sharp contrast to the conventional beauty that was admired a generation ago. People no longer search to admire looks that are an extreme rarity, but prefer to find attraction in faces that have character rather than strict beauty.

The types of career that are admired have also changed. A few years ago the young slick ad-man in the lightweight American suit was thought to be fairly "trendy," now young television directors and designers seem to take top billing in the career stakes. Doing "something in the City" for a young man, or being a secretary for a girl, are careers that people are more likely to forgive rather than admire you for.

"When I was a secretary, people were always saying 'what's a girl like you doing a job like that for?' I used to have to pretend I was something else all the time. It was as if doing an ordinary job meant you had something wrong with you."

"If I say I'm an accountant people get the image of a cross between Scrooge and the demon king."

Success (however small) in an artistic field carries more kudos than it has ever done. Actors are no longer treated like people who weren't allowed to be buried in sacred ground, and probably because artistic careers are more secure financially than they used to be, creativity is as valued as monetary success used to be.

People seem to want jobs that do not have the stigma of "regular" about them. Girls living in London appear to have a psychological revolt against marrying a man who they know will be home at six every night. Again, this is no doubt because money and jobs are easier to come by, and young people can now afford to be more choosey about what they want to do.

Very few people seem to meet as a result of their jobs; across a smoke-filled room, group holidays, and "he was a friend of a friend of mine" are still the starting points of most romances. Girls are less shy of going to pubs than they used to be, and although they still only go to them in male company, the local has become less of an all-male haunt.

"When I saw him, he was eating a pickled onion at the bar, and somehow he looked so sweet and vulnerable."

'A few years ago if a girl was seen in pubs she was automatically the butch rugger type, now no one thinks a thing."

Politics, however, still remain a predominantly male interest. Apart from isolated cases of extreme party affiliations, it isn't until a girl falls in love that politics come to hold any real meaning for her. Politics, like sump gaskets, the sports page and Bolton Wanderers is a subject for which few young girls can muster any enthusiasm, until they fall in love. Then miraculously they become experts on subjects ranging from Musique Concréte to the American Civil War. With touching feminine idealism they happily change a love of opera for an intimate knowledge of the skulduggeries practised by the politically powerful.

Even among young men interest in politics is divided between those who are fascinated (and usually enraged) by party politics, and those whose interests lie only in wider

continued on page 32

There is a period between the end of the working day and the main business of the evening when young people meet and unwind over drinks. Americans call it the cocktail hour, but the drinks here are more likely to be Bitter than Vodkatinis. Finch's, in Notting Hill Gate (where these pictures were taken) is a popular rendezvous. The catchment area embraces the young executive, artistic and modelling fields. And after drinks a desire to be alone may result in a quiet meal or a film; or perhaps the group exuberance will lead to more noisy activities like skating or a discotheque

continued

social issues. Happily (and because girls are so vulnerable to new ideas, when they're in love) few men have been known to actually abandon a love affair because a woman holds different political opinions. With enormous tact they simply work on the loved one's psychology until, very properly, she comes to see the light. ("*But my love someone as humane as you* must *realise . . .*")

Neither, nowadays, is a difference in religion held to be a great barrier between those in love. Although the number of young people who actually practise a faith are in a minority, there is far more tolerance about differing religious viewpoints than there used to be. Anti-Catholic, Jewish, or any other sort of religious prejudices are usually the result of over-strong parental influences. and remain more typical of the previous generation.

It could perhaps be said that tolerance, religious or otherwise, springs from a basic indifference. And that young people find it easy to be tolerant, since they don't mind enough to be able to become prejudiced. Optimistically, however, one hopes that tolerance does not necessitate indifference.

Certainly virginity is no longer regarded as important as it used to be.

"Very few girls want to marry a man who is a virgin. I suppose it's wrong, but you just always expect a man to be more experienced."

"Parents don't mind if they know their son's had an affair, but all hell's let loose if they find out their daughter has."

"How can you expect of a girl what you don't expect of yourself?"

"I don't mind what's happened before *me, so long as I know about it."*

"Obviously you feel more secure if you marry a girl who's a virgin, but if it hasn't worked out that way, you've just got to accept it."

"At school we were always told that 'decent' men only married virgins. It's just not true any more."

"I suppose people are more honest about virginity than they used to be, but it's going a bit far when you're treated as a freak just because you are *a virgin. Most people think I'm a bit funny because I've got principles."*

"Virginity? She was looking all right when she came to our party. . . ."

While young men expect less (on a strictly moral basis) from the girls they fall in love with. They are not so content to accept them only as women (or the "little woman") and they seem to appreciate girls having careers of their own more than they used to.

"Men like women who do things, I suppose it's because they're more interesting."

"A woman has just as much of a need to express her personality through a career as a man, the old idea that they were born to be mothers and wives and do nothing else, is rubbish."

There is also a demand for both sexes to be successful much younger.

"You're no one if you haven't made it at 25."

"You can't relax about being young any more, you've got to be 'going somewhere' as well."

"There seem to be so many pressures on people once they hit their 20s. Everyone expects you to be rushing round carving out a niche for yourself. It's no good just trying to be a successful human being any more, you've got to have millions of goodies to throw at everyone to show them how marvellously you're doing. And that goes for girls as well."

Nevertheless, love, it seems, manages to alleviate even the heaviest burdens.

"I was always twitching until I met Jane, then I suddenly realised that there were other things besides success."

"London makes you feel you've got to be charging ahead all the time, I don't think there's the same sort of pressure in other cities. But you don't find the same sort of opportunities anywhere else either. Not only that but London birds are the best, there's no doubt about that."

"Young people who have never lived in London don't know what they've missed, they may be happier and more contented in one way, but it's better to know about everything that's going on rather than always be wondering what you've missed."

"London's one of the few places where girls don't feel out of it if they're not married. I mean there's no reason why everyone *should want to get married is there?"*

Very true.

Top: Conversation over drinks is likely to go deeper than gossip about common friends and though the love-life of other people is fascinating, the interest is rarely malicious. Bottom: more and more girls share houses in preference to flats. Here in Notting Hill Gate two models and a jewellery designer prepare to give a dinner party for their boy-friends. There will be wine getting to room heat by the radiator, some crisis over the roast beef but instant whisky for the arrivals. On this occasion a case of rubies was produced, one to be selected for a ring

NEXT WEEK: THE ENGAGED COUPLE GETTING TO KNOW EACH OTHER

CAVEMAN WITH A CAMERA

John Richardson is a film actor; he is also a photographer. He doesn't really know which profession satisfies him most. But meanwhile he is getting the best of both worlds by photographing his leading ladies in between takes. His latest film is *A Million Years BC*, when in skins and beard he concentrates his camera on the luscious Raquel Walsh. Previously he appeared opposite Ursula Andress in *She* – clearly for a specialist in beautiful faces his is the right job; on either side of the lens he is a winner.

Jackie Lane

John Richardson concentrates on Raquel

Liliane Montevecchi

Raquel—beautiful face for a Million Years BC

Barbara Perkins

Photographs by Peter Akehurst

Spring must come however doubtful the prospects seem to the fur coat brigade. Start thinking about it now—winter will seem much shorter when you've found a spring suit you can look forward to wearing. Here are eight to think about, which can be dressed up or down to suit yourself.

by Shuna Harwood

Versatile three-piece (far left) by Maggi Shepherd—navy and white checked belted coat over navy trousers and mustard linen polo blouse, hipster suede belt, 39½ guineas at Woollands 31 Shop. Square wooden sunglasses by Correna at Fenwicks, D H Evans and Peter Robinson. Navy gloves in Pittards leather by Morley, approx. £2 5s at the Army & Navy Stores.

Take a classic camel suit (left) with white windowpane check, 21½ guineas at Jaeger; add a white cashmere polo sweater, £7 9s 6d at Simpsons, belted in camel suede, from a selection at D H Evans. Topped by a Burgundy felt hat, 3½ guineas at Maxine Leighton, and pearl button earrings, one guinea at Dickins & Jones. Square gold watch by Cyma, £39 at Harrods.

Woollands, Knightsbridge, SW1 (BEL 6000)
Fenwicks, New Bond St, W1 (MAY 9161)
D H Evans, Oxford St, W1 (MAY 8800)
Peter Robinson, Oxford Circus, W1 (MUS 7700); Strand, WC1 (TRA 7890)
Army & Navy Stores, Victoria St, SW1 (VIC 1234)
Jaeger, Regent St, W1 (REG 4050); 145 King's Rd, SW3 (FLA 1122); Carlton Towers, Sloane St, SW1 (BEL 2505)
Simpsons, Regent St, W1 (REG 2002)
Maxine Leighton, 22 Conduit St, W1 (HYD 1174)
Dickins & Jones, Regent St, W1 (REG 7070)
Harrods, Knightsbridge, SW1 (SLO 1234)

SUITS FOR THE SPRING

Striking opposites, this navy and white suit (right) by Harvey Gould, 17 guineas at Ivor Hartnell and Susan Locke. Blue drop earrings, £1 5s 6d at Dickins & Jones.

Subtle colouring for this lilac-embossed velvet trouser suit (far right) with long lean jacket, by Bagatel, about 19 guineas at Fifth Avenue. Neck hugged by warm navy woollen scarf for chilly March winds, £1 2s 6d at W Bill. Nautical square sunglasses by Correna, £1 12s 6d at Fenwicks, D H Evans and Peter Robinson. Gloves by Morley.

Ivor Hartnell, 10 Baker St (HUN 2288); 108 New Bond St, (MAY 2089)
Susan Locke, 414 King's Rd, SW3 (FLA 1998)
Dickins & Jones, Regent St, W1 (REG 7070)
Fifth Avenue, Regent House, Regent St, W1 (REG 3766); 184 Oxford St, W1 (LAN 6175)
W Bill, 28 Old Bond St, W1 (MAY 2554)
Fenwicks, New Bond St, W1 (MAY 9161)
D H Evans, Oxford St, W1 (MAY 8800)
Peter Robinson, Oxford Circus, W1 (MUS 7700); Strand, WC1 (TRA 7890)

SUITS FOR THE SPRING

Military influence in this navy suit, about 11 guineas at Wallis end of February. Jazzed up with bright yellow and plum striped tie and matching bag from Biba, bag 19s 6d, tie 8s 6d. Gold hoop earrings by Jewelcraft, 10s 6d at Harrods. Gloves by Morley.

Wallis, 490 Oxford St, W1 (MAY 2171);
217 Oxford St, W1 (GER 1527);
13 Brompton Rd, SW3 (KNI 1368)
Biba, 87 Abingdon Rd, W8 (WES 6287)
Harrods, Knightsbridge, SW1 (SLO 1234)

A hint of "the happiest days of your life" in this navy wool bouclé suit with its white piqué blouse, designed by Germaine and Jane for Marcel Fenez, about 22 guineas at Galerie Lafayette and Maryon (Knightsbridge only). Variation on the regulation school panama in white straw, from 4 guineas at Herbert Johnson. Two dozen gold bangles for £1 15s at Harrods.

Harrods, Knightsbridge, SW1 (SLO 1234)
Herbert Johnson, 38 New Bond St, W1 (MAY 0784)
Galeries Lafayette, 190 Regent St, W1 (REG 6740)
Maryon 39 Brompton Rd, SW3 (KNI 1341)

SUITS FOR THE SPRING

Battledress-type civvy suit (below) in beige open-weave tweed by Tony Armstrong, about 28 guineas at Tony Armstrong Boutique and Woollands. Trooper's beret by Kangol, 8s 11d at D H Evans. Tortoiseshell hoop earrings, £1 12s 6d at Dickins & Jones. Cream gloves in Pittards leather by Morley. Beige crepe ribbed stockings by Wolsey, 7s 11d at Dickins & Jones and D H Evans. We made the extra long semi-regimental muffler ourselves to complete the picture.

Tony Armstrong Boutique, 109 Walton St, SW3 (KNI 5712)
Woollands, Knightsbridge, SW1 (BEL 6000)
D H Evans, Oxford St, W1 (MAY 8800)

Palest lilac tweed for the most feminine yet practical suit of the year (right), about 11 guineas at Wallis. Dressed up for a formal occasion with a huge cream felt Garbo hat, from 4 guineas at Herbert Johnson, pearl button earrings one guinea at Dickins & Jones, and two rows of pearls by Vendome. Gloves by Morley.

Wallis, 490 Oxford St, W1 (MAY 2171); 217 Oxford St, W1 (GER 1527); 13 Brompton Rd, SW3 (KNI 1368)
Herbert Johnson, 38 New Bond St, W1 (MAY 0784)
Dickins & Jones, Regent St, W1 (REG 7070)

by ANGELA INCE

CARRY ME BACK

3d from Marks and Spencer, in white and green with plastic handles; seven million a year sold throughout the country.

3d from Sainsbury, but free if you spend more than £2 in the store. They sell five million a year purely as a customer service, and reckon to make no profit.

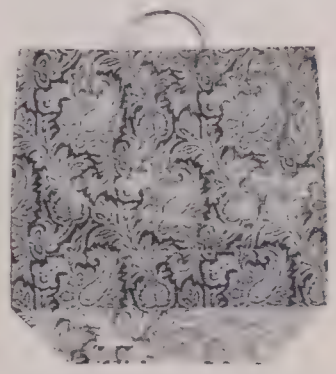
Free from Heals (if you've bought something there). Good on strength, size, design and impact.

4d from Woolworths in blue or pink checks (or pink, blue and green marble designs). But biggest sellers are plain brown at 4d or 6d.

6d from Gamages, who have been selling plastic carrier bags for four years, now sell around 500 a week in yellow, red and blue.

Free from Habitat; but only, obviously, if you're spending money there. First-class example of the newish "sack" type of bag; tough, large, reinforced and decorative.

6d from Selfridges, who sell 25,000 a month on the trust-the-customer basis – put 6d in the slot and take a carrier bag.



1s from Liberty, in black and white Paisley, overprinted with a discreet, barely noticeable "Liberty of London." Selling, they say, extremely well.

4d from MacFisheries, sold in their 41 supermarkets (but free if you spend more than 30s); they also sell a smaller, 3d carrier bag in their 350-odd food shops.

The carrier bag, once an apologetic brown thing with agonising string handles, has up-dated itself. It is available in paper or plastic in practically any colour you care to name, and in sizes that range from small to big enough for a weekend's shopping. It is sold as a customer-convenience, as a prestige item, as a form of advertising. It can cost you anything from threepence to a shilling. Few stores reckon to make a profit on their carrier-bag sales; they supply them to help the customer (and in many cases to make sure that the customer carries the name of their shop round with her). On this page are a selection; eight to pay for, two to get for nothing as long as you're buying enough merchandise.

9d from Elizabeth David; large, tough, decorative and informative.

Spring is the time for weddings . . . and now is the time to make your arrangements if you are planning to get married. You can do it the hard way by fixing all the details yourself, or you can hand the whole shooting match over to one of the firms which specialise in everything-for-the-bride. It's still up to the bride, though, to make sure that the groom knows at which church/register office the ceremony is being held. And don't forget to warn the best man it's his responsibility to see that the groom buys a ring.

GETTING TO THE CHURCH ON TIME

CHURCH ARRANGEMENTS (C of E)

Banns: Banns must be read in churches attended by the prospective groom and bride on three consecutive Sundays, and the marriage can take place any time within the following three months (the Vicar needs at least a week's notice of when banns should be read). The fees are 10s 6d if the couple live in different districts, 7s if they belong to the same church.

Special licence: This is needed if a couple want to marry in a parish where neither reside. Application has to be made to the Archbishop of Canterbury's Registrar, 1 The Sanctuary, Westminster, and the couple have to state their reasons for wanting to get married in a particular church. If the licence is granted there is a nominal charge of £25, but this is not a fixed sum and it can be much lower. No residential qualification is needed.

REGISTER OFFICE

Without licence: One of the couple must reside in the borough in which the office is situated for eight days before giving notice of forthcoming marriage (if the other partner lives in a different borough, notice must be given there too), and must then wait 22 days before the ceremony can take place (costs 17s 3d if parties live in different districts, 14s 3d if they live within same district).

With licence: Must give one clear day's notice of marriage (i.e. Monday for Wednesday – Sundays, Good Friday and Christmas Day don't count) and one or other of party must have lived in the borough for 16 or more days. The cost is £3 6s 9d.

Gretna Green Runaway Marriage: Travel from Euston to Carlisle (77s single second class, £5 1s single first class) and take a bus for the remaining 9¼ miles of journey.

Passports: If you are going abroad, the bride will need a passport in her new name. At least 10 days before the wedding, collect and fill in an application form from your Ministry of Labour and National Service Office, or from the Passport Office, and send it in to the Passport Office. They will then send a form to the minister or registrar conducting the wedding, and your new passport will be sent to him to hold for you until after the ceremony.

WEDDING COUNSELLOR

Brides' Service, 12 Regent's Park Road, NW1 (GUL 8280). Mrs Robin Slee, who runs this service, probably knows more about arrangements for London weddings than anyone else in town. She keeps files on caterers, printers, florists, photographers, halls for hire, etc., and keeps a sharp eye and ear open for any new services as and when they become available. She does not charge the prospective bride, but gets a commission from the firms she hires.

CATERING FIRMS

Recommended for out-of-the-ordinary weddings is **Nick's Movable Feasts,** 306B Fulham Road, SW10 (FLA 1022). They do cocktail party food – not canapes but scaled-down buffet food where everything is eatable in one bite – for 10s a head, and offer a very generous spread of food for this fee. Or you can approach them and say you want £x worth of food and they will keep their charges to the specified figure. They will provide all pottery, china and cutlery inclusive in this charge, and can arrange for staff – but are not really geared to arrange for hire of trestle tables, marquees etc. They also provide drink at retail prices.

T Debry Fils, 1a Beauchamp Place, SW3 (KEN 2733), is another firm that specialises in catering for weddings, and making wedding cakes. Cost for afternoon reception works out at 10s-12s a head, or a buffet spread costs about 1 guinea upwards, depending on the menu. Charges again include food and equipment but not staff, who charge about £2 10s-£3 10s.

Cook & Butler, 75/77 Church Road, Teddington, Middlesex (TED 3932/2080), are caterers who also provide all other equipment required for the reception – marquees, toastmasters, tables, flowers, photographers etc. They will see to the printing of invitations and send them out, also send out wedding cake to guests who couldn't make the reception.

PRIVATE HOUSE RECEPTIONS

These can be arranged through Mrs Jill Headlam, **London at Home,** 6 Cadogan Lane, SW1 (KNI 5650). Mrs Headlam knows over 50 people in the Belgravia/Knightsbridge/Chelsea/Regent's Park districts who are willing to let out their houses for private parties – hiring fees range from 20 to 65 guineas, depending on the house, number of guests, locality, etc. It is probably cheaper and more practical to leave the catering arrangements to Mrs Headlam to – her Cordon Bleu-trained cooks charge about 10s 6d a head for cocktail food (inclusive of staff fees) or about 22s 6d a head for a sit-down luncheon exclusive of staff fees (a waiter would charge about £2 10s). She can also arrange for flowers, the cake, drinks and photographs.

PRESENTS

Most big London stores run a bride's book service – brides-to-be go round the store and pick out presents they would like to receive, then enter the list in a special book which can later be inspected by friends. (Heals, Liberty, Woollands, John Lewis, Fortnums and Harrods are some of the stores that do this.) If you do receive duplicated presents, or ones that you don't like, you can take them to **The Nearly New Shop,** 5 Dorset Street, W1 (WEL 3849). They won't buy the goods off you, but fix a price with you and display them for six weeks. If sold, you get two-thirds of the proceeds.

HAIR

Most hairdressers will come to your home to do your hair or to comb it out, on The Day, if you have it done at the salon on the previous day. But some charges are high – **Vidal Sassoon** charges £30 for a home shampoo and set, £10 for a home comb-out. Prices charged by **Richard Conway,** Raphael Street, SW7 (KNI 6303), are 3-4 guineas for a home shampoo and set, 1 guinea for a comb-out (plus cab fare if none of the wedding cars is available). Charge in the salon is 1 guinea for an elaborate bridal hair-do.

CAR HIRE

If you want a Rolls-Royce: **Rolls-Royce** Hire Service, 18/20 Danvers Street, SW3 (FLA 5465). Charge is 10 guineas per car for two hours and 20 miles, 3s mile for each additional mile and £2 for each additional hour. They require about two months' notice to be on the safe side. **J Davy,** 9 Logan Place, W1 (FRE 6000) and Arlington Street, Piccadilly, W1 (HYD 3141) charge 5 guineas for chauffeur-driven Austin Princess (two hours and 20 miles); £4 10s for Humber or £3 10s for a Zephyr 4.

Hiring a mini-cab is, of course, much cheaper. **Express Car Service** (TER 0221) charge £2 an hour for weddings (for a Zephyr). Fare to London Airport from West End is £2 2s 6d. **Abbey Minicabs** (PAR 2637) charge £2 10s an hour for a wedding Zephyr or Consul and 35s to get you to London Airport. Mini-Cabs need very little notice.

FLOWERS

Flower Services (London), 24 Smith Street, SW3 (FLA 1715) is run by Lady Rose McLaren and the Hon Pamela Forster. They specialise in doing flowers for weddings and will deliver any flowers in any quantity anywhere in London.

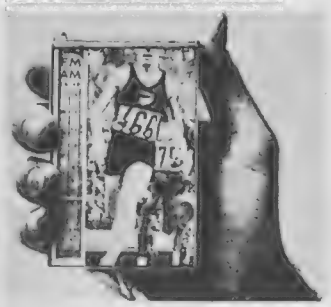
CLOTHES HIRE

Moss Bros, Covent Garden, WC2 (COV 4567) scale of charges are: £3 7s 6d for black or grey morning suit, including waistcoat and top hat (all accessories available, but extra) 8 to 19 guineas for bride's dress (plus shoes and slip if needed); 25 guineas for bride's dress to own measurements (two fittings).

Sheila Fitz-Jones

THE WEEK AHEAD

GALLERIES



Are you tuned into contemporary imagery? Do you keep company with sculpture? What do you do when faced with a fresh idea – walk around it, touch it or keep clear? This week there is lots of new sculpture about, above you or on the same level. Keith Sutton invites you to consider the sculptors of the present moment: they toil and they may even spin, certainly one of the brightest of them sews up her material. A selection of the exhibitions most likely to provide you with heartbeats or blood-pressure on page 52. *Above:* Detail from Wallace Berman (Robert Fraser Gallery)

BOOKS

Marcel Duchamp's *Anémic-Cinéma* (*below*) is one of the illustrations in Hans Richter's *Dada*, a study of art and anti-art (Thames & Hudson, 18s). There are 16 stories of fantasy and science fiction in *The Worlds of Robert F Young* (Gollancz, 18s). There is a roistering novel by Roy Bongartz called *Twelve Chases on West 99th Street* (Hutchinson, 25s), all about a Manhattan parking lot attendant and his girl. A bumper week in publishing with something to suit all tastes. More news, more books, more about science fiction on page 58

TELEVISION

Rediffusion has appointed a new editor for its television quiz programmes. How will it affect the stereotyped pattern of doubling one's money and pondering over the contents of Box 13? Peter Magnus sums up the situation on page 60 . . . also a guide to the highlights of the weekend viewing. *The Avengers* faithful duo, Steed and Emma Peel, go Georgian and attend an orgy on Friday evening, Shirley Bassey (*right*) stars in Tuesday's show of the week on BBC-2, and the promising Mystery and Imagination series promises to chill your spines on Saturday in *The Open Door*, with Jack Hawkins.

DISCS

Among the week's new releases: EMI's *Cleo's Mood* on 18 Feb by Junior Walker and the All-Stars, Pye's *Josie* by Donovan, *Norwegian Wood* by the Frugal Sound and *You Belong to Me* by Mike Felix, also on 18 Feb. Watch out, too, for The Byrds' new number *Set You Free This Time, Baby*. The Spencer Davis Group are at the Marquee on 22 Feb and The Animals are guest stars on ABC-TV's *Lucky Stars* on 19 Feb. All this and Marc Bölan too. He chooses his favourite LPs on page 59 where Leonard Levesley also writes about the curious anachronisms of the European pop scene.

FILMS

Any more for the spy lark? Fox think there is still room for another espionage agent on an already crowded scene. He is Derek Flint, alias actor James Coburn, and he puts the world to right in *Our Man Flint*, which opens at the Carlton Haymarket and Odeon Kensington today. Review on page 48 . . . The week's other opening is *Judith* in which Sophia Loren plays an Austrian Jewess returning to Israel in search of the Nazi husband who betrayed her. Opens at the Plaza Piccadilly Circus today. The Classic cinemas celebrate 30 years in the business with a special retrospective season at the Baker Street Classic (Hitchcock's *Paradine Case* now; Shirley Temple's *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* and Will Hay's *Boys Will Be Boys* (next week).

THEATRE

A neat double for Ann Lynn (*below*), who can be seen in the film *Four in the Morning* and also in the Hampstead Theatre Club's production of Howard Sackler's play *The Pastime of Monsieur Robert*, which is set during the last days of the reign of terror in France. Another film actress on stage this week is blonde Barbara Ferris, who takes the only female part in the much anticipated revival of *The Knack* at the Royal Court Theatre, Sloane Square (enters the rep 17 Feb). The film of Ann Jellicoe's play created a new interest – this is its first London revival since. Latest production at the National Theatre, *A Flea in her Ear* is reviewed on page 46

MUSIC

There is a school of thought that the Albert Hall is a geographical, architectural and acoustical freak. Richard Last reviews the scene on page 51. Where you will also find a comprehensive diary to the week's music, Sutherland singing with the LPO, your last chase to see the Covent Garden *La Bohème*, and the Royal Ballet Benevolent Fund Gala.

NIGHT OUT

London Life's suggestion for an evening on the town

6.30 pm Meet for Drinks at Jules Bar, Jermyn Street
7.45 pm *You Never Can Tell*, Theatre Royal, Haymarket
10.45 pm Dine at Wheeler's, St James's Street
12.30 am Drink and dance at the Scotch of St James's
3.0 am Late night LP *Under Milk Wood* played by Stan Tracey (Ronnie Scott's pianist – called the best British jazz disc for years)
4 am Read until dawn: *Last Exit to Brooklyn* by Hubert Selby Jnr (Calder & Boyars, 30s)

Theatre 46, 47
Films 48, 49, 50
Music 51
Galleries 52, 53
Salerooms 53
Restaurants 54, 55
Night Life 56, 57
Books 58
Discs 59
Television 60
Sport 61

THEATRE

Riding in on the boom for art nouveau and all things *fin de siècle*, the National Theatre offers Feydeau's 1907 farce *La Puce a L'Oreille*, vivaciously translated by John Mortimer as *A Flea in Her Ear*. Jacques Charon has been imported from the Comedie Française to direct; the beautiful sets and ravishing costumes are by André Levasseur.

The programme book protests perhaps too much about the poetry and perfection of Feydeau's farces – too much, because the affectionate and witty notes are only rarely supported by what happens on the stage. The laughter is intermittent, deriving chiefly through individual touches – the frozen tableau, affected gesture, formal repetition of speeches. The maniac acceleration of events one looks for is constantly elusive. There is one marvellous moment when Margo Cunningham, playing the decadent, bejewelled keeper of a raffish hotel, is buffeted by each member of the cast during a chase sequence. The stage clears, she staggers to a velvet stool and demands in sepulchral tones: "Are we on fire?" But towards the end of a fairly short evening, a sense of strain becomes apparent.

Clearly, this highly stylised approach is a new departure for the National, far away from the heavy-breathing realism of their other productions. As happens too frequently here, the core of lead actors is excellent but some on the periphery of events are indifferent. There's still a long way to go, it seems, before that unity of approach which distinguishes the rival reps is achieved. But the playing of Feydeau is a way towards this.

In the centre of it all Geraldine McEwan gives object lessons to all around her in timing and style. It is one of her typically quirky performances: she moves, head down, eyes and lips narrowed in that tiny face, as if battling against a rather stiff breeze. Albert Finney tackles two parts – a stiff, wronged husband, and a shambling hall porter. He does both well, but is almost submerged by the problem of playing them both together. One is too aware that when Finney, the husband, leaves the stage he is doing a quick change to appear as Finney, the porter.

Maybe on the first night the ribs did not exactly ache and laughs tended to freeze into grins, but it seems clear that once *A Flea in Her Ear* has settled down and the actors are cleared of strain thus letting us forget it is a difficult and exhausting production, the play should be a huge popular success.

j roger baker

FIRST FIVE

1 Man and Superman (Vaudeville). **2** The Government Inspector (Aldwych). **3** Hello Dolly! (Drury Lane). **4** Incident at Vichy (Phoenix). **5** A Lily in Little India (St. Martin's).

WEST END

openings

Th 17 Feb: **The Knack**, English Stage Company, Royal Court, Sloane Square, SW1 (SLO 1745). Author: Ann Jellicoe. Dir: Desmond O'Donovan. Cast: Timothy Carlton, John Castle, Barbara Ferris, Victor Henry. First night: 7.0. F 18 Feb and Sat 19 Feb: 7.30. Sat only: 3.0

W 23 Feb: **Arsenic & Old Lace**, Vaudeville Strand, WC2 (TEM 4871). Author: Joseph Kesselring. Dir: Murray Macdonald. Cast: Sybil Thorndike, Richard Briers, Julia Lockwood, Athene Seyler, Desmond Walter-Ellis, Lewis Casson. First night: 7.30

current

Ad-Lib, Fortune, Russell Street, WC2 (TEM 2238). Revue. Dirs: George Mully, Leon Gluckman. Cast: Larry Adler, Libby Morris. 8.30 (ends 10.30). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.0), 9.0 (ends 11.0). Opened 2 Feb 1966

Alibi for a Judge, Savoy, Strand, WC2 (TEM 8888). Authors: Felecity Douglas, Henry Cecil. Dir: Hugh Goldie. Stars: Andrew Cruikshank, Colin Gordon, Amanda Grinling. High Court judge gets involved with the pretty wife of a man he has sent down. 8.0 (ends 10.20). W: 2.30 (ends 4.50). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.20). Opened 5 Aug 1965

At the Drop of Another Hat, Globe, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 1592). Authors, directors and stars: Michael Flanders, Donald Swann. The gasman cometh . . . and all those other songs. 8.0 (ends 10.0). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.0). Opened 29 Sep 1965. Ends 19 Feb

Babes in the Wood, London Palladium, Argyll Street, W1 (GER 7373). Music and lyrics: The Shadows. Dir: Albert J Knight. Cast: Frank Ifield, Sid James, Roy Kinnear, Kenneth Connor, Arthur Askey. Ifield makes a yodelling Robin Hood in spectacular Sherwood. 2.45 (ends 5.45), 7.30 (ends 10.30). Opened 21 Dec 1965. Ends 30 Apr

Barefoot in the Park, Piccadilly, opp Regent Palace Hotel, W1 (GER 4506). Author: Neil Simon. Dir: Richard Benjamin. Cast: Daniel Massey, Marlo Thomas, Mildred Natwick, Kurt Kasznav. Young-married troubles Broadway style comedy. M-F: 8.0 (ends 10.15). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15), 8.45 (ends 11.0). W: 2.30 (ends 4.45). Opened 24 Nov 1965

Beyond the Fringe, 1965, May Fair, May Fair Hotel, Stratton Street, W1 (MAY 3036). Authors: Alan Bennett, Peter Cook, Jonathan Miller, Dudley Moore. Dir: David Phethean. Stars: John Dryden, Bill Hepper, Barry Stanton, Peter Baldwin. The material has almost an historical interest now. 8.40 (ends 10.50). Th, Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10). Opened 15 Apr 1964

Black and White Minstrel Show, Victoria Palace, Victoria Street, SW1 (VIC 1317). Dir: George Inns. Stars: George Mitchell Minstrels with Don Arroll, Neville King, Dai Francis, John Boulter, Tony Mercer. Songs and dances only cease for interludes of comedy. 6.15 (ends 8.20), 8.45 (ends 10.50). Opened 25 May 1962

Boeing-Boeing, Duchess, Catherine Street, WC2 (TEM 8243). Author: Marc Camoletti (translated by Beverley Cross). Dir: Jack Minster. Stars: Nicholas Parsons, Simon Merrick, Pippa Rowe, Joanna Henderson, Anna Gilcrist. Three girls, two boys, seven doors . . . permutations endless. 8.0 (ends 10.10). W: 2.45 (ends 4.50). Sat: 5.15 (ends 7.20). Opened 20 Feb 1962

Charlie Girl, Adelphi, Strand, WC2 (TEM 7611). Book by Hugh and Margaret Williams. Music and lyrics by David Heneker and John Taylor. Dir: Wallace Douglas. Cast: Anna Neagle, Joe Brown, Hy Hazell. The stately homes racket receives gentle satire with romantic interest, songs and dancing. 7.30 (ends 10.0). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.30). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.0), 8.30 (ends 11.0). Opened 15 Dec 1965

Chase Me Comrade, Whitehall, Trafalgar Square, SW1 (WHI 6692). Author: Ray Cooney. Dir: Wallace Douglas. Stars: Brian Rix, Basil Lord, Leo Franklyn. Russian ballet dancer and diplomatic service involved in a speedy farce. 7.30 (ends 9.45). Sat: 5.15 (ends 7.30), 8.15 (ends 10.30). W: 2.30 (ends 4.45). Opened 15 July 1964

Hello Dolly, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2 (TEM 8108). Adapted by Michael Stuart from Thornton Wilder's play *The Matchmaker*. Music: Jerry Herman. Dir and Choreographer: Gower Champion. A grand illusion with Mary Martin as chief spellbinder but nevertheless the most efficient musical seen in a dozen years. Cast: Mary Martin, Loring Smith, Marilynn Lovell, Garrett Lewis. 7.30 (ends 9.55). W 9.55. W and S: 2.30 (ends 4.45)

How's the World . . . Treating You? Wyndham's Theatre, Charing Cross Road (TEM 3028). Author: Roger Milner. Dir: Philip Grout. Cast: Patricia Routledge, Peter Bayliss, Michael Graham Cox, Thelma Whiteley, Bryan Stanyon, Anna Cropper. 8.0 (ends 10.15). W and Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15), 8.45 (ends 11.0). Opened 31 Jan 1966

An Ideal Husband, Strand, Aldwych, WC2 (TEM 4143). Author: Oscar Wilde. Dir: James Roose Evans. *Fin de siècle* morality among the Wildest epigrams. Cast: Margaret Lockwood, Richard Todd, Michael Dennison, Dulcie Gray, Ursula Jeans, Roger Livesey, Perlita Neilson. 7.30 (ends 10.0). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30), 8.30 (ends 11.0). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.30)

Incident at Vichy, Phoenix, Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 8611). Author: Arthur Miller. Dir: Peter Wood. Cast: Alec Guinness, Anthony Quayle. 8.15 (ends 9.50). W: 3.0 (ends 4.35). Sat: 5.15 (ends 6.50). Opened 26 Jan 1966

The Killing of Sister George, Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 5122). Author: Frank Marcus. Dir: Val May. Stars: Beryl Reid, Lally Bowers, Eileen Atkins. Lesbian radio actress loses her part and her lover; another kinky comedy. 8.0 (ends 10.25). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.55), 8.30 (ends 11.0). W: 3.0 (ends 5.25). Opened 17 June 1965

A Lily in Little India, St Martin's, West Street, off Cambridge Circus, WC2 (TEM 1443). Author: Donald Howarth. Dir: Donald Howarth. Cast: Jill Bennett, Jessie Evans, Ian McKellen, Ken Jones, Leslie Handford. 8.0 (ends 10.0). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.30), 8.30 (ends 10.30). W: 3.0 (ends 5.0). Opened 20 Jan 1966

Man and Superman, Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (TEM 4871). Author: G B Shaw. Dir: Philip Wiseman. Cast: Alan Badel, Sian Phillips, Zena Walker, John Robinson, Marie Lohr, Patrick McAlinney, Martin Jarvis, Marda Vanne, Edward Bishop, Judy Wilson, Clive Swift. 7.45 (ends 10.30). Sat: 3.0 (ends 5.45). Opened 23 Nov 1965. Ends 19 Feb (transfers 21 Feb to Garrick Charing Cross Road)

A Month in the Country, Cambridge, Earlham Street, WC2 (TEM 6056). Author: Turgenev. Dir: Michael Redgrave. Cast: Ingrid Bergman, Michael Redgrave, Emlyn Williams, Fay Compton. Selfish passions in a Russian summer. 8.0 (ends 10.40). Th and Sat: 2.45 (ends 5.25). Opened 22 Sep 1965. Ends 5 Mar

The Mousetrap, Ambassadors, West Street, off Cambridge Circus, WC2 (TEM 1171). Author: Agatha Christie. Dir: D Ramsden. Cast: John Cobner, Diana Scougall, Charles Hill, Timothy Parkes, Clive Scott, Mysie Monte, Kate Matheson, David Raven. A further cast-change sees it into its 14th year. 8.z (ends 10.30). T: 2.45 (ends 5.10). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30), 8.0 (ends 10.30). Opened 25 Nov 1952

Oliver, New Theatre, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 3878). Composer: Lionel Bart from Dickens. Dir: Peter Coe. Stars: Aubrey Woods, Nicolette Roeg, Peter Bartlett. Dickens's London brought to musical life. 7.45 (ends 10.15). T and Sat: 4.30 (ends 6.50). Opened 30 June 1960

On the Wagon, Mermaid, Puddle Dock, Blackfriars, EC4 (CIT 7656). Author: Bernard Miles. Dir: Julius Gellner. Cast: Bernard Miles. T, Th and Sat: 8.40 (ends 10.40). Opened 6 Jan 1966

The Philanderer, Mermaid, Puddle Dock, Backfriars, EC4 (CIT 7656). Author: G B Shaw. Dir: Don Taylor. Cast: Derek Godfrey. Louida Vaughan, Wensley Pithey. M, W and F: 8.40 (ends 10.53). W, Th and F: 6.0 (ends 8.13). Sat: 2.30 (ends 4.43), 5.30 (ends 7.43). Opened 27 Jan 1966. Ends 26 Feb

Present Laughter, Queens Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (REG 1166). Author: Noel Coward. Dir: Nigel Patrick. Cast: Nigel Patrick, Phyllis Calvert, Maxine Audley, Robert Desmond, Avice Landon. The Master's a classic now, dear boy. 8.0 (ends 10.45). Th: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.0), 8.30 (ends 11.15). Opened 21 Apr 1965. Ends 5 Mar

Robert and Elizabeth, Lyric, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 3686). Composer: Ron Grainer. Book: Ronald Millar. Dir: Wendy Toye. Stars: John Clements, June Bronhill, Kevin Colson. The Barretts of Wimpole Street get the song and dance treatment. 7.30 (ends 10.25). Th and Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.25). Opened 20 Oct 1964

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning, Prince of Wales, Coventry Street, W1 (WHI 8681). Author: Alan Sillitoe. Dir: Frank Dunlop. Cast: Tom Bell, Joan Heal, June Ritchie. 8.0 (ends 10.10). W and Sat: 6.15 (ends 8.25); 8.50 (ends 11.0). Opened 1 Feb 1966

Say Who You Are, Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 6606). Authors: Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall. Dir: Shirley Butler. Stars: Ian Carmichael, Patrick Cargill, Dilys Laye, Jan Holden. Two men, two girls, two telephones, a pub, a lift, and a staircase add up to sophisticated farce. M-Th: 8.15 (ends 10.35). F and Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.20), 8.45 (ends 11.5). Opened 14 Oct 1965

Two stars of the musical stage, Jeannie Carson (left) and Evelyn Laye (right) appear together in "Strike A Light," the musical based on the first women's strike, by match girls, written by Joyce Adcock with music by Gordon Caleb and John Taylor. The show goes on an extensive provincial tour and then leaps straight to Broadway. Jeannie Carson has not been seen on the stage here since 1952; Evelyn Laye recently celebrated her Golden Anniversary in the theatre.

A Severed Head, Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (WHI 3216). Authors: Iris Murdoch and J B Priestley. Dir: Val May. Stars: Bernard Horsfall, Vivienne Drummond. Sex rears its pretty head among the well-heeled set. 8.15 (ends 10.25). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.10). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10), 8.45 (ends 10.50). Opened 26 June 1963. Ends 26 Feb

A Smashing Day, New Arts Theatre Club, Great Newport Street, WC2 (TEM 3334). Author: Alan Plater. Dir: John Fernald. Cast: Jenny Laird, Hywell Bennett, Basil Dignam, Michael Blackham, Barbara Barnett, Christine Hargreaves, Ben Kingsley, Robert Powell. 8.0. Sat: 5.30, 8.30. Opened 16 Feb 1966

Son of Oblomov, Comedy, Panton Street, SW1 (WHI 2578). Author: Goncharov (ad. Riccardo Aragno). Dir: Frank Dunlop. Stars: Spike Milligan, Bill Kerr, Valentine Dyall. Much ado about Milligan – and there's a play buried somewhere too. 8.0 (ends 10.15). W: 8.45 (ends 11.0). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15), 8.45 (ends 11.0). Opened 6 Oct 1964

The Sound of Music, Palace, Cambridge Circus, W1 (GER 6834). Composers: Rodgers and Hammerstein. Book: Lindsay and Crouse. Dir: Jerome Whyte. Stars: Sonia Rees, Eunice Gayson, Donald Scott. Nazi invasion in the background; sweetness to the fore. 7.30 (ends 10.25). W and Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.15). Opened 18 May 1961

Spring and Port Wine, Apollo, Shaftesbury Avenue (GER 2663). Author: Bill Naughton. Dir: Allan Davis. Cast: Alfred Marks, Ruth Dunning, John Alderton, Jan Carey, Gretchen Franklin, Melvyn Hayes. A heavy Lancastrian father has a rebellious family on his hands. 8.0 (ends 10.15). Th and Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15), 8.40 (ends 10.55). Opened 19 Nov 1965

You Never Can Tell, Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 9832). Author: G B Shaw. Dir: Glen Byam Shaw. Cast: Sir Ralph Richardson, Harry Andrews, Judy Campbell, Keith Baxter, Moray Watson, Cyril Luckham. 7.45 (ends 10.30). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.45), 8.15 (ends 11.0). W: 2.30 (ends 5.15). Opened 12 Jan 1966

REPERTORY

English Stage Company, Royal Court, Sloane Square, SW1 (SLO 1745). Th 17 Feb-Sat 19 Feb: THE KNACK (see Openings)

M 21 Feb and T 22 Feb: SAVED by Edward Bond (members only). Dir: William Gaskill. Cast: Tony Selby, John Castle, Dennis Waterman, Ronald Pickup, John Shepherd, William Stewart, Richard Butler, Barbara Ferris, Gwen Nelson, Lucy Fleming. 7.30 (ends 10.5)

W 23 Feb: A CHASTE MAID IN CHEAPSIDE by Thomas Middleton. Dir: William Gaskill. Cast: Sebastian Shaw, Ronal Pickup, Tony Selby, John Castle, Barbara Ferris, Frances Cuka, Gillian Martell, Christopher Benjamin, Victor Henry. 7.30 (ends 9.35)

National Theatre Company, Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (WAT 7616). Th 17 Feb: LOVE FOR LOVE by William Congreve. Dir: Peter Wood. Cast: Colin Blakely, Tom Kempinski, Robert Lang, Geraldine McEwan, Miles Malleson, Anthony Nicholls, Laurence Olivier, Lynn Redgrave, Joyce Redman, Madge Ryan, John Stride. 2.15 (ends 5.0) 7.30 (ends 10.15)

F 18 Feb: ARMSTRONG'S LAST GOODNIGHT by John Arden. Dirs: John Dexter and William Gaskill. Cast: Chloë Ashcroft, Paul Curran, Albert Finney, Neil Fitzpatrick, Kay Gallie, Caroline John, Geraldine McEwan, Robert Stephens, Frank Wylie. 7.30 (ends 10.30)

Sat 19 Feb: OTHELLO by Shakespeare. Dir: John Dexter. Cast: Frank Finlay, Robert Lang, Kenneth Mackintosh, Anthony Nicholls, Laurence Olivier, Joyce Redman, Sheila Reid, Maggie Smith, John Stride. 2.15 (ends 5.25)

Sat 19 Feb: THE ROYAL HUNT OF THE SUN by Peter Shaffer. Dirs: John Dexter and Desmond O'Donovan. Cast: Colin Blakely, Peter Cellier, Graham Crowden, Paul Curran, Derek Jacobi, Kenneth Mackintosh, Robert Stephens, Michael Turner. 7.30 (ends 10.30)

T 22 Feb: A FLEA IN HER EAR by Georges Feydeau translated by John Mortimer. Dir: Jacques Charon. Cast: Michael Turner, Albert Finney, Anne Godley, Edward Hardwicke, Robert Lang, Geraldine McEwan, John Stride, Ken Mackintosh, Frank Wylie. 7.30

W 23 Feb: THE CRUCIBLE by Arthur Miller. Dir: Laurence Olivier. Cast: Colin Blakely, Wynne Clark, Frank Finlay, Robert Lang, Kenneth Mackintosh, Anthony Nicholls, Louise Purnell, Joyce Redman, Shelia Reid. 7.30 (ends 10.35)

Royal Shakespeare Company, Aldwych Theatre (TEM 6404). Th 17 Feb: THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR by Gogol. Dir: Peter Hall. Cast: Paul Scofield, Eric Porter, Paul Rogers, Brewster Mason, Paul Hardwick, David Waller, David Warner, Tim Wylton, Charles Kay, Patience Collier, Patsy Byrne. 7.30 (ends 10.0)

F 18 Feb: THE HOMECOMING by Harold Pinter. Dir: Peter Hall. Cast: Paul Rogers, Ian Holm, John Normington, Terence Rigby, Vivien Merchant, Michael Bryant. 7.30 (ends 9.35)

Sat 19 Feb and M 21 Feb–W 23 Feb: HAMLET by Shakespeare. Dir: Peter Hall. Cast: David Warner, Elizabeth Spriggs, Brewster Mason, Janet Suzman, Tony Church, Charles Thomas, Donald Burton, John Bell, James Laurenson, Paul Hardwick, Michael Pennington, Charles Kay, David Waller. 7.30 (ends 11.15) Sat and W: 2.0 only (ends 5.45)

Sat 19 Feb and W 23 Feb: THE INVESTIGATION by Peter Weiss. A reading prepared by Peter Brook and David Jones. Cast: 24 leading members of the RSC. 7.30 (ends 10.15)

CLUBS

Hampstead Theatre Club, 98 Avenue Road, NW3 (PRI 9301). THE PASTIME OF MONSIEUR ROBERT. 8.0. Sat: 5.0 and 8.15

Lamda Theatre Club, Logan Place, Earls Court Road, W8 (FRE 7017). LE MISANTHROPE. W 23 Feb 7.45

Little Theatre Club, Garrick Yard, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (COV 0660). THE TIGER, THE WORK OUT, HELLO THERE. Th 17 Feb–Sun 20 Feb 7.30. SOLITUDE IMPROVED. T 22 and W 23 Feb 9.0. Jazz Club. M-Sat 10.30 pm–1.0 am

Mountview Theatre Club, 104 Crouch Hill, N8 (MOU 5885). GOODNIGHT MRS PUFFIN. Th 17 Feb–Sat 19 Feb 7.45

Unity, 1 Goldrington St, N1 (EUS 5391). DEATH OF A SALESMAN. F 18 Feb, Sat 19 Feb and Sun 20 Feb 7.45

Vanbrugh Theatre Club, Malet St, WC1 (LAN 7982). THE COLLECTION and A NIGHT OUT. Th 17 Feb, F 18 Feb, Sat 19 Feb 2.30 and 7.30

PERIMETER

Ashcroft Theatre, Fairfield Hall, Park Lane, Croydon (CRO 9291). SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER. With Susan Hampshire. Th 17 and F 18 Feb: 7.45. Sat 19 Feb: 5.0 and 8.0. M 21–W 23 Feb. Amateur production

Golders Green Hippodrome, NW11 (SPE 0022). PETER PAN. With Sylvia Sims, Ronald Lewis, Vanessa Lee. Th 17 Feb: 2.30 and 6.30. F 18 Feb: 7.0. Sat 19 Feb: 2.30 and 7.0

M 21–W 23 Feb: PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. 8.0

New Theatre, High St, Bromley (RAV 6677). HOSTILE WITNESS. Th 17 and F 18 Feb: 7.45. Th 17 Feb: 2.30. Sat 19 Feb: 5.15, 8.0.

M 21–W 23 Feb: THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GENTLEMAN. 7.45

Palace Theatre, Clarendon Rd, Watford, Herts (WA2 5671), SOUTH PACIFIC, by Hammerstein and Rodgers. Th 17–Sat 19 Feb: 7.45. Sat 19 Feb only: 4.45

M 21-W 23 Feb: RUDDIGORE. 7.45

Richmond Theatre, The Green, Richmond, Surrey (RIC 0088). HOSTILE WITNESS. Th 17 and F 18 Feb: 7.45. Sat 19 Feb: 5.30 and 8.15. M 21–W 23: AMATEUR PRODUCTION

Theatre Royal, Windsor (WK 61107). THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST. Th 17 Feb: 2.30 and 7.30. F 18 and T 22 Feb: 8.0. Sat 19 Feb: 4.45 and 8.0. M 21 and W 23 Feb: 7.30

Theatre Royal, Stratford East (MAR 5973). SWEET FANNY ADAMS. Th 17 and F 18 Feb: 8.0. Sat 19 Feb: 5.0 and 8.0. (Run may be extended. Check with theatre)

Wimbledon Theatre, Wimbledon, SW19 (WIM 5211). ANY WEDNESDAY. Th 17 and F 18 Feb: 7.30. Th 17 Feb: 2.30. Sat 19 Feb: 5.15 and 8.15. M 21-W 23 Feb: THE EXPLOITS OF TOM JONES. 7.30

Yvonne Arnaud Theatre, Guildford (Guildford 60191). WANTED, ONE BODY. With: Derek Farr, Patsy Rowlands. Th 17 Feb: 2.30 and 7.45. F 18 Feb: 7.45. Sat 19 Feb: 5.0 and 8.0. M 21–W 23 Feb: 7.45

FILMS

There was a moment – a priceless, fleeting moment – when every single Bond film was showing in the West End and a flotilla of whooping spies danced attendance at another five cinemas.

It is at this flood tide that Fox have elected to launch their own newcomer, *Our Man Flint* (a) at the Carlton Haymarket and Odeon Kensington. As a character there is little to distinguish Derek Flint from his contemporaries. Unprincipled, undisciplined, athletic and sexually ruthless, he combines all the attitudes and mannerisms of his counterparts in one gargantuan parcel of inhumanity. It is impossible to believe in him for a minute, and less than brilliant scripting makes it difficult to laugh comfortably at his superhuman antics. Add to this that James Coburn plays Flint with a flippant casualness bordering on disinterest, and you have a strange pot-pourri indeed.

Stranger still when you consider the curious meanderings of Daniel Mann's direction. It begins promisingly in the headquarters of ZOWIE (Zonal Organisation of World Intelligence Espionage) where the delegates are hotly debating action to be taken over the plan of three mad scientists to control the world's weather. Up to this point the film amuses, mainly by virtue of such quaint notions as Flint's sole weapon – a cigarette lighter with 82 lethal functions – and ZOWIE's hot line – a phone that announces Presidential calls by a flashing of red, white and blue lights and the shrill piping of patriotic tunes.

Once inside the crater the film assumes the dimensions of naïve science fiction threaded through a Genet sex fantasy. This tropical Utopia (guarded by an eagle, trained to attack Americans on sight) brainwashes its unsuccessful female agents and turns them into pleasure units for the reward rooms where, after taking special aphrodisiac tablets, the more deserving of the menfolk can choose between the settings of discothèque, harem or parking lot.

It is as though the intention was to parody Bond, then the easier task of aping him and finally, chastened by the whole experience, a conversion to unwilling admiration. Many of the embellishments are in unnecessarily bad taste, for genuine inspiration perishes in the first reel. I suspect that Flint and his statuesque GALAXY counterpart (Gila Golan) will prove insufficiently sympathetic to justify *F for Flint*, the sequel Fox are considering.

david castell

JUDITH

The Lawrence Durrell story of one woman's personal vendetta against a background of turbulent politics has been adapted by John Michael Hayes for "Judith" which opens at the Plaza, Piccadilly Circus, today. Sophia Loren (above) plays the title role of a concentration camp survivor who comes to Palestine in 1947 in search of the Nazi husband who denounced her and her young son as Jews to speed his rise within the Party. Peter Finch is the philosophical kibbutz leader who advises her and Jack Hawkins the British Major who has his own reasons for wanting to find the Nazi. Daniel Mann directed the film on location in modern Israel, standing in for its recent predecessor.

FIRST FIVE

1 The Lady With the Little Dog. 2 Bunny Lake is Missing. 3 Juliet of the Spirits. 4 The Spy Who Came in from the Cold. 5 My Fair Lady

OPENING

JUDITH (A). Based on the story by Lawrence Durrell, Daniel Mann's film gives Sophia Loren the unlikely role of an Austrian Jewess who, having survived Dachau, comes to Israel to track down her former Nazi husband who betrayed her. Jack Hawkins is a British Major and Peter Finch a kibbutz leader. A hollow, unconvincing piece. (Col. 109 min.) *Plaza Piccadilly Circus.* WHI 8944. Opens Th 17 Feb (8.0 for 8.30). Subs, 1.30, 3.45, 6.5, 8.25 (Sat: 11.45 pm). Sun: 3.0, 5.15, 7.45

OUR MAN FLINT (A). Director Daniel Mann endeavours to outspoof Bond in what becomes a tiresome use of gimmickry, with quite serious undercurrents of nastiness. James Coburn is less endearing than Connery. Gila Golan appears as glamorous Galaxy agent. (Lee J. Cobb. Col. 108 min.) *Carlton Haymarket.* WHI 3711. Opens Th 17 Feb. 1.30, 3.55, 6.20, 8.50 (Sat: 11.50 pm). Sun: 3.55, 6.20, 8.50

WEST END

AGONY & THE ECSTASY (U). Todd-AO spectacular featuring the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel and based on Irving Stone's biography of Michelangelo (Charlton Heston). Director Carol Reed has concentrated on visual effect at the expense of being taken seriously. Rex Harrison, as an urbane Pope Julius II, relieves the otherwise all-pervading tedium. (Diane Cilento, Harry Andrews. Col. 139 min.) *Astoria, Charing Cross Rd.* GER 5895. (Ends 23 Feb.) 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.30, 8.0

BATTLE OF THE BULGE (A). Modern warfare effectively shown as the stuff of Cinerama. An account of the Battle of the Ardennes with Henry Fonda and Robert Ryan for the American heroes and Robert Shaw as a suitably poker-faced German. (Dana Andrews. Dir: Ken Annakin. Col. 163 min.) *Casino, Old Compton St,* W1. GER 6877. 2.30, 7.45. Sat: 2.0, 5.20, 8.40, 11.55. Sun: 4.30, 7.50

BLINDFOLD (U). This latest addition to the spoof spy cycle involves Rock Hudson as a bewildered psychologist and Claudia Cardinale as the husky-voiced sister of a kidnapped scientist. Generally enjoyable, except when director Philip Dunne tries to ape Hitchcock on his own ground. (Col. 100 min.) *Leicester Sq Theatre.* WHI 5252. 1.38, 4.6, 6.34, 9.2 (Sat: 11.15 pm). Sun: 4.6, 6.34, 9.2

BUNNY LAKE IS MISSING (X). Does Bunny Lake exist? Preminger applies a rather heavy hand to suspense. A distinguished international cast, including a brilliant sketch of a dotty schoolmarm (Martita Hunt), and an outstanding performance by Carol Lynley. Some quite striking photography of the London locations. (Laurence Olivier, Keir Dullea, Noël Coward. 107 min.) *Odeon Leicester Sq.* WHI 6111. 1.40, 4.5, 6.30, 9.0 (Sat: 11.0 pm). Sun: 3.30, 5.58, 8.25

GOLDFINGER (A). Sex, sadism, suspense. Guy Hamilton has perfected the Fleming formula and transformed it into a tongue-in-cheek burlesque. Sean Connery, more than usually whimsical, finds himself shackled to an atom bomb in Fort Knox. Judo-expert Honor Blackman makes an appearance, *and* that Aston Martin. (Shirley Eaton, Gert Frobe. Col. 109 min.) *Odeon Haymarket.* WHI 2788

THE GREAT RACE (U). Extravagantly slapstick comedy involving a car race from New York to Paris, via Siberia, with Jack Lemmon as the villain and Tony Curtis the spoof hero. Blake Edwards' feeblest screenplay, but with a good sense of the period. While determined to be a lot of fun, it merely proves conclusively that Cinerama and comedy don't mix. (Col. 153 min.) *Coliseum St Martin's Lane.* TEM 3161. (Ends 26 Feb.) 2.30, 7.30. Sat: 2.0, 5.15, 8.30, 11.45. Sun: 4.0, 7.30

JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (X). Fellini's companion piece to 8½, this time in superb colour, tells the story of the soul-searching of a rather idle, middle-aged woman (Giulietta Masina) whose husband is unfaithful to her. Her haunting and surrealistic fantasies are explored with great cinematic virtuosity, but in the last analysis, the film proves as insubstantial as the apparitions themselves. (France/Italy. Col. 137 min.) *Academy One.* GER 2981. 12.30, 3.15, 6.5, 9.0. Sun: 5.25, 8.20. *Academy Two.* GER 5129, Oxford St, W1. 12.0, 2.45, 5.35, 8.30. Sun: 4.55, 7.50

THE LADY WITH THE LITTLE DOG (U).—Exquisite adaptation of a Chekhov short story by director Yosif Heifitz. It traces the development of a hopeless love affair in the claustrophobic atmosphere of Russian *bourgeois* society at the turn of the century. The lovers are played by Alexei Batalov and Ya Savina with great tenderness and the Chekhovian mood of ambivalence, gaiety and boredom is beautifully evoked. (Ala Chostakova. 90 min.) *Academy Cinema Club,* Oxford Street (from F 18 Feb.) GER 8819. 6.0, 8.30. Sun: 3.30, 6.0, 8.30

LIFE AT THE TOP (X). The sequel to *Room at the Top.* Having married the mill-owner's daughter, Joe Lampton (Laurence Harvey) has settled down to a prosperous, provincial life. Amid a collection of extraordinary stereotypes Jean Simmons gives a splendid performance. Ted Kotcheff's direction is frankly commercial. (Honor Blackman, Michael Craig. 117 min.) *Columbia Shaftesbury Av.* GER 5414. 1.34, 3.54, 6.14, 8.39 (Sat: 11.19 pm). Sun: 3.40, 6.9, 8.39

THE LOVE CAGE (X). The world of violence and intrigue, plot and counter-plot; directed by René Clément with an elegant bravura, and superb photography by Henri Decaë. Lola Albright as an American widow with a captive lover, Jane Fonda as her scheming niece and Alain Delon as the confidence trickster who falls foul of both of them. (France. 95 min.) *Empire Leicester Sq.* GER 1234. 1.50, 4.15, 6.40, 9.5 (Sat: 11.40 pm). Sun: 3.55, 6.20, 8.45

MY FAIR LADY (U). Lavish, if not cloying, direction of the Lerner and Loewe musical by George Cukor, with Edwardian décor by Cecil Beaton. Rex Harrison carries the film along with commanding style, with Audrey Hepburn as a spirited, though rather inadequate Eliza. Great vitality, but played a little *too* safe. (Stanley Holloway, Wilfrid Hyde White. Col. Super-Panavision. 185 min.) *Warner Leicester Sq,* W1. GER 3423. 2.30, 7.45. Sat: 2.30, 7.45, 11.15. Sun: 3.0, 7.15. *Royalty Kingsway,* WC2. HOL 8004. 2.45, 8.0. Sun: 3.15, 7.30

ONE SPY TOO MANY (A). That man from UNCLE again. This time Napoleon conquers Alexander who, appropriately enough, was aiming to conquer the world. The preposterous gimmickery includes a "will gas," a human chess game and a bottomless pit. All in the out-Bonding-Bond tradition, with Messrs. Vaughn and McCallum riding again. Joseph Sergeant directs. (Rip Torn, Dorothy Provine, Leo G Carroll. Col. 101 min.) *Ritz Leicester Sq.* GER 1234. 1.55, 4.15, 6.40, 9.0 (Sat: 11.35 pm). Sun: 3.40, 6.15, 8.40

RETURN FROM THE ASHES (X). A somewhat contrived thriller set in Paris at the end of the war. Director J Lee Thompson achieves isolated moments of intensity, though script and characterisation are flimsy. Ingrid Thülin, as the wife, has little on which to fasten her talents and Maximilian Schell, as the husband, achieves a convincing shallowness. (Samantha Eggar. 103 min.) *Prince Charles Theatre,* Leicester Pl. W1. GER 8181. 12.50, 2.50, 4.55, 7.0, 9.10 (Fri & Sat: 11.20). Sun: 2.30, 4.30, 6.35, 8.45

SOUND OF MUSIC (U). Robert Wise's three-hour version of the Rodgers & Hammerstein musical, with hosts of singing nuns and children. Christopher Plummer is the somewhat authoritarian father of the brood; Julie Andrews another wholesome governess. (Eleanor Parker. Col. Todd-AO. 170 min.) *Dominion Tottenham Ct Rd,* MUS 2176. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.30, 8.0

SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD (A). Based on John le Carré's best-seller of the bread-and-butter world of espionage. Martin Ritt's direction, while faithful in a large measure to the book, is at times confusing to the uninitiated. Richard Burton is the resolutely if not desperately down-at-heel Leamas, and Claire Bloom his Communist girl-friend. (Oskar Werner. 112 min.) *Studio One, Oxford St.* GER 3300. 2.45, 6.0, 8.55. Sun: 3.5, 5.50, 8.35

THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES (U). A slender pretext for collecting together a whole host of international stars for an air race between London and Paris. There are pleasant shots of early aeroplanes, but little feeling for comic effect. (Terry-Thomas, Sarah Miles, Robert Morley, Gert Frobe, Stuart Whitman, James Fox, Jean-Pierre Cassel. Col. Todd-AO. 130 min.) *Metropole Victoria.* VIC 4673. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.30, 8.0

THUNDERBALL (A). Bond has only a few days to find the two atom bombs stolen by SPECTRE. Gadgetry galore, underwater sex, and Connery confidently assuming the role of Superman. Superb sets by Ken Adam, but the formula begins to pall. (Bernard Lee, Lois Maxwell. Dir: Terence Young. Col. 125 min.) *London Pavilion,* Piccadilly Circus, W1. GER 2982. 10.30, 12.55, 3.30, 5.55, 8.40. (Sat: 11.30 pm.) Sun: 3.15, 5.55, 8.40. *Rialto Coventry St,* W1. GER 3488. 12.40, 3.5, 5.40, 8.15. Sun: 2.45, 5.20, 7.55

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THURSDAY – 3 DAYS
'It's Love again' U
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MARCH
6th TYRONE POWER 'This Above All' A
10th 'JOLSON SINGS AGAIN' U
13th BETTY GRABLE 'The Farmer takes a Wife' U
17th PAUL MUNI 'Hudson's Bay' U
20th ANNA NEAGLE 'Piccadilly Incident' A
24th GEORGE ROBEY 'Chu Chin Chow' U
27th LESLIE HOWARD 'Escape to Happiness' A
31st ORSON WELLES 'Jane Eyre' A

OTHER FILMS

Acton Granada. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Acton Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Baker St Classic. The Paradine Case (A). Fri only, 11.15 pm: Gervaise (X). Sun: Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm (U)

Balham Odeon. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)

Balham Ritz. Deadly Mantis (X), Land Unknown (X). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U)

Bayswater ABC. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun only: Circus of Horrors (X), Terror in the Haunted House (X). Mon: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Beckenham ABC. Ten Little Indians (A), Captive City (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U)

Blackheath ABC. Ten Little Indians (A), Captive City (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U)

Bowes Park Ritz. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Brentwood Odeon. Sky West & Crooked (A) Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: This Shocking World (X), Devils of Darkness (X)

Brixton ABC. Ten Little Indians (A), Captive City (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U)

Brixton Astoria. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)

Brixton Classic. Sergeants Three (U), Border River (U). Sun: Adventures of Tom Sawyer (U), Tarzan the Magnificent (U)

Brixton Granada. Kingdom in the Sand (U). We're Wrestling Tonight (A). Sat only: Wrestling. Sun only: Perseus against the Monsters (A), Lost Battalion (A). Mon: Adventures of the Bengal Lancers (U), Arm of Fire (U)

Bromley Odeon. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun, Mon and Tues: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X). Wed only: Madam Butterfly (U).

Camberwell ABC. Ten Little Indians (A), Captive City (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U)

Camberwell Grand. Spy with My Face (A), Guns of Diablo (U). Sun only: Charge of the Black Lancers (U), Son of the Red Pirate (U). Mon: Mysterious Island (U), Pirates of Blood River (U)

Camberwell Odeon. Sky West and Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)

Camden Town Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Camden Town Plaza. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun only: The Blob (X), I Married a Monster from Outer Space (X). Mon: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Catford ABC. Ten Little Indians (A), Captive City (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U)

Charing Cross Road Cameo Royal. Four in the Morning (X)

Charing Cross Road Jacey. Fanny Hill (A)

Chelsea Classic. The Young Lions (A). Sun: Escape to Happiness (A)

Chelsea Essoldo. The King and I (U). Sun: Mysterious Island (U), Pirates of Blood River (U)

Chelsea Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Clapham Granada. West Side Story (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U)

Clapham Junction Imperial. Wild in the Country (A), Flaming Star (A). Sun: I bombed Pearl Harbour (U), Apaches' Last Battle (U)

Clapton ABC. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Clapton Kenninghall. Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Croydon ABC. Ten Little Indians (A), Captive City (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U)

Croydon Classic. The Birds (X), Last Day of Summer (A). Sun: Girls, Girls, Girls (U), 30 years of Fun (U)

Croydon Odeon. The Greatest Story Ever Told (U). Sun: Return to the Ashes (X), Rage to Live (X)

Crystal Palace Granada. House of Wax (X), Phantom of the Rue Morgue (X). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U)

Dalston Classic. Kings of the Sun (U), Battle in Outer Space (U). Sun: Just my Luck (U), Savage Sam (U)

Dalston Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Drayton Gardens Paris-Pullman. The Knack (X), La Notte (X)

Ealing ABC. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Ealing Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Ealing Walpole. H.M.S. Defiant (A), The Man from Laramie (U). Sun: Thunderball (A)

East Dulwich Odeon. Sky West and Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)

Edgware Road ABC. Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X). Sun: One Spy too Many (A), Your Cheatin' Heart (U)

Edgware Road Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Edmonton Granada. Thurs only: Wrestling. Fri and Sat: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Pigeon that worked a Miracle (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Edmonton Regal. Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Elephant and Castle Theatre. Ten Little Indians (A), Captive City (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U)

Essex Road ABC. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U), Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Finchley Gaumont. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Chico, the Misunderstood Coyote (U). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Finchley Rex. Peyton Place (A), Desert Rats (U). Sun: Genevieve (U), Doctor in the House (U)

Finsbury Park Astoria. Peyton Place (A). Sun: Adventures of Scaramouche (U), Duel at Rio Bravo (U)

Forest Gate Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Forest Hill Capitol. Ten Little Indians (A) Captive City (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U)

Fulham Road ABC. Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X). Sun: One Spy too Many (A), Your cheatin' Heart (U)

Golders Green ABC. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Golders Green Ionic. Zorba the Greek (X), Marriage—Italian Style (X). Sun: The Train (U), Tom Brown's Schooldays (U)

Great Windmill Street Cameo Moulin. Loving Couples (X), Her Bikini never got Wet (A). Fri: The Naked World of Harrison Marks (A), We're Wrestling Tonight (U)

Greenwich Granada. Thurs and Sat: Sky West and Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Fri only: Bingo. Sun, Mon and Tue: It's a Mad Mad Mad Mad World (U). Wed only: Bingo.

Hackney ABC. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Hackney Essoldo. Invincible 7 (U), First Spaceship on Venus (U). Sun: Pirates of the Black Hawk (U), Operation Bikini (U)

Hackney Pavilion. West Side Story (A). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Hammersmith ABC. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Hammersmith Broadway. Mutiny on the Bounty (A). Sun only: Wizard of Bagdad (U), Battle on the Beach (U). Mon: 7 Brides for 7 Brothers (U), King Solomon's Mines (U)

Hammersmith Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X). Sun (STAGE): Ella Fitzgerald and Duke Ellington. Mon: Ipcress File (A), Intelligence Men (U)

Hampstead Classic. Une Femme Mariée (X), The Troublemaker (A). Sun: Cat Ballou (A), Fail Safe (A)

Hampstead Everyman. Poil de Carotte (X). Mon: Alexander Nevsky (U)

Harrow Road Prince of Wales. Peyton Place (A). Sun only: The Hook (X), The Third Voice (A). Mon: Massacre at Fort Grant (U), Triumph of the 10 Gladiators (U)

Haverstock Hill Odeon. The Greatest Story Ever Told (U). Sun: Spy Who Came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U)

Hendon Gala. Inn of the Sixth Happiness (U). Sun: Boccaccio 70 (U)

Hendon Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Highams Park Regal. Harem Holiday (U), Spartan Gladiators (U). Sun: Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders (X), Ambush (A)

Highgate Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Holloway ABC. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Holloway Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Islington Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Islington Rex. Lord Jim (A). Sun only: Greek Film Club. Mon: Texas John Slaughter (U), The Moonspinners (U)

Kensal Rise Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Kensal Rise Palace. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Kensington Odeon. Our Man Flint (A)

Kentish Town ABC. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Kilburn Classic. Paris when it Sizzles (A), Fire over England (U). Sun: Room Service (U), Topkapi (U)

Kilburn Essoldo. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Kilburn Grange. Flaming Star (A), Wild in the Country (A). Sun only: Terror Strikes (X), Voodoo Women (X). Mon: Massacre at Fort Grant (U), Triumph of the Ten Gladiators (U)

Kilburn State. Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Kingsbury Odeon. Return to the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

King's Cross Century. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun only: Jack the Ripper (X), Flesh and the Fiends (X). Mon: Carry On, Nurse (U), The Dam Busters (U)

King's Cross Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Lewisham Odeon. Thurs only: Madam Butterfly (A). Fri and Sat: Sky West and Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)

Lewisham Rex. Peyton Place (A). Sun: Magnificent 7 (U), Up the Creek (U)

Leyton ABC. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Leyton Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Leytonstone Rialto. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Chico, the Misunderstood Coyote (U). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Manor Park Coronation. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Marble Arch Gala Royal. Batman (U)

Marble Arch Jacey. Fanny Hill (A), Paris in the Raw (X)

Mile End Road ABC. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Mile End Road Odeon. Return to the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Morden Odeon. Sky West and Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)

Muswell Hill ABC. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Muswell Hill Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Neasden Ritz. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted

New Victoria. Our Man Flint (A)

Notting Hill Classic. The Magnificent Ambersons (U). Fri only, 11.15 pm: His Butler's Sister (U). Sun: A Time to Live and a Time to Die (X)

Notting Hill Gaumont. The Greatest Story ever Told (U). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Notting Hill Imperial Playhouse. Sabre and the Arrow (U), The Tall T (U). Sun only: Buchanan Rides Alone (U), The Young Land (U). Mon: Five Against the House (A), Stranglers of Bombay (A)

Old Kent Road ABC. Ten Little Indians (A), Captive City (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U)

Old Kent Road Astoria. Sky West and Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)

Oxford Street Cinephone. Men and Women (X)

Paddington Essoldo. Comanche Station (U), Battle of the Coral Sea (U). Sun only: Mysteries of Paris (A), Secrets of Buddha (A). Mon: Killers of Kilimanjaro (U), The Young Land (U)

Park Royal Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Peckham Odeon. The Greatest Story Ever Told (U). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U)

Penge Odeon. Sky West and Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)

Piccadilly Jacey. West End Jungle (X), Dummy of Death (A)

Poplar Essoldo. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Pigeon who worked a Miracle (U). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Praed Street Classic. Blood and Roses (X), Dracula (X). Sun: White Feather (U), Days of Thrills and Laughter (U)

Queensbury Essoldo. Mysterious Island (U), Pirates of Blood River (U). Sun: Heroes of Telemark (U)

St Pancras Tolmer. The Brigand of Kandahar (U), Go to Blazes (U). Sun only: Johnny Nobody (U), Idle on Parade (U). Mon: Winchester 73 (U), Secrets of the Purple Reef (U)

Shepherds Bush Essoldo. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Shepherds Bush Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

South Norwood Odeon. Sky West and Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)

Southfields Plaza. King Rat (A), Six-Sided Triangle (U). Sun only: Cairo (A) Up the Creek (U). Mon: Help (U), Sergeants Three (U)

Southgate Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Stamford Hill Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Stepney Essoldo. Cowboy (U), Mozambique (U). Sun only: The Canadians (U), Navy Lark (U). Mon: Goliath King of the Slaves (U), Tiger of Terror (U)

Stepney Odeon. The Longest Day (A). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Stockwell Classic: Desert Rats (U), Destroyer (U). Sun: Hercules (U), Attila the Hun (A)

Stoke Newington ABC. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Stoke Newington Coliseum. Blood of the Vampire (X), Curse of the Werewolf (X). Sun: Kingdom of Violence (A), The Chequered Flag (A)

Stratford ABC. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Streatham ABC. Ten Little Indians (A), Captive City (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U)

Streatham Odeon. Thurs only: Aida (U). Fri and Sat: Sky West and Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)

Swiss Cottage Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A). Tues only (STAGE): Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.

Sydenham Granada. Sky West and Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun only: Jack the Ripper (X), Flesh and the Fiends (X). Mon: Magnificent Seven (U), Road to Hongkong (U)

Temple Fortune Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Thornton Heath Granada. Sky West and Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun only: Corridors of Blood (X), Nights of Rasputin (X). Mon: West Side Story (A)

Tooting ABC. Ten Little Indians (A), Captive City (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U)

Tooting Astoria. Revenge of Spartacus (U), Man from Bitter Ridge (U). Sun: Three Avengers (U), East of Sumatra (U)

Tooting Bec Classic. War and Peace (U). Sun: Just my Luck (U), The Caddy (U)

Tooting Granada. Sky West and Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun only: Jack the Ripper (X), Flesh and the Fiends (X). Mon: Magnificent Seven (U), Road to Hongkong (U)

Tottenham Court Road Berkeley: Fellini's 8½ (A)

Tottenham Court Road Continentale. My Home is Copacabana (U). Last year in Marienbad (U)

Tottenham Palace. The Guns of Navarone (A). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Tottenham Florida. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Upper Regent Street Cameo Poly. No Questions on Saturday (U)

Upton Park ABC. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash, the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), The Haunted Palace (X)

Victoria Biograph. First men in the Moon (U), Chicago Syndicate (A). Sun only: Wackiest Ship in the Army (U), The Hard Man (A). Mon: Captain Hornblower, RN (U), Never mention Murder (U)

Victoria Cameo. Taras Bulba (U). Sun: The African Queen (U)

Walham Green ABC. Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Walthamstow Granada. Return to the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

Wandsworth Road Granada. Sky West and Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun and Tues: It's a Mad Mad Mad Mad World (U). Mon and Wed: Bingo

Waterloo Station Classic. The Sundowners (U). Sun: Girls, Girls, Girls (U)

Well Hall Odeon. Sky West and Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)

Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre. War of the Buttons (X), Heaven sent (A). Check with Cinema

Westbourne Grove Odeon. Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X). Sun: Thunderball (A)

CLUBS

National Film Theatre, Waterloo Bridge, South Bank, SE1 (WAT 3232). No smoking. All foreign films sub-titled or with earphone commentary.
Th 17 Feb: The Prowler, 6.15, 8.30. F 18 Feb: "M," 6.15, 8.30. Sat 19 Feb: This Land is Mine, 4.0, 6.15, 8.30. Sun 20 Feb: "M," 4.0, 6.15, 8.30. M 21 Feb: Citizen Kane, 6.15, 8.30. T 22 Feb: The Big Night, 6.15, 8.30. W 23 Feb: The Big Night, 6.15. W 23 Feb: The Southerner, 8.30

Starlight Cinema Club, May Fair Hotel, Berkeley Square, W1 (MAY 7777). Th 17 Feb, 3 days. Battle on the Bench. Th and Sat: 8.0, 10.30. F: 10.30. F 18 Feb: 9.5. Chip off the Old Block. With: 7.30, Joan of Paris. Sun 20 Feb, 4 days: 7.45, 10.30. Sun: 8.30, Can-Can

MUSIC

Sir Edwin Lutyens, the great architect, was once asked what he would do with the Crystal Palace. "Put it under a glass case," he replied promptly. I feel much the same way about the Albert Hall.

The merit of the Albert Hall is that it holds 6,000 people. This said, there is almost nothing in its favour as a musical venue. It is vast, domed, and elliptical, and its acoustics are unique. Connoisseurs may be heard in fascinating debate on the best place to avoid, or rather reduce, the effects of the echo; to my knowledge, there is none.

Only an Act of God could change the Albert Hall acoustics, but in so many petty, stupid ways it exudes a sense of unwelcome. Its doors remain firmly closed until half an hour before the concert; you can arrive early and wait in the rain, or late and not be able to park. Its endless corridors are dreary and depressing. There are no towels in the lavatories, only paper machines in which you insert twopence with, invariably, already wet hands. The swivelling stalls seats squeak. There is nowhere to sit down in the interval. The heating is frequently inadequate; on occasion the hall fills with fog. There is no licence on Sunday – sometimes, no refreshments at all at a no-interval concert.

These defects, one realises, stem mostly from chronic cash shortage; while the Hall clings obstinately to its private existence (nominal owners are the 360 or so permanent seatholders), there is little hope of them being remedied. Only public funds could cope with the massive job of brightening the place up and providing adequate facilities.

These days, with the competition from the Festival and Fairfield Halls, music features less than it did in the varied Albert Hall catalogue. None the less, it plays (as I would be the first to admit) an irreplaceable role in our musical life. The BBC exploits its huge capacity to put on Prom concerts of international calibre at half-normal concert prices; impresarios make a profit by filling it at high prices for a star attraction. Such an occasion occurs on Sunday (Feb 20) when Joan Sutherland will sing to a packed two-guinea-a-head audience (all seats sold several weeks ago). Oddly, the orchestra-defeating acoustics have always been kind to the right sort of solo human voice. Certainly Miss Sutherland, whose dazzling technique has been sharpened to the point of eclipsing other musical considerations, should have no difficulty in cleaving the wide, open spaces.

richard last

Christopher Gable dances in two John Cranko ballets – Card Game *and Brandenburg* Nos 2 & 4 *(Royal Opera House, 18 & 19 Feb).*

OPERA

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (COV 1066). Th 17 Feb: La Bohème, Puccini (in Italian). Principals: Carlyle, Bonhomme. Conductor: Lockhart. 7.30. (Last performance this season.)
M 21 Feb: Madam Butterfly, Puccini (in Italian) Vaughan, Turp. Conductor: Balkwill. 7.30
F 18 Feb: L'Enfant et les Sortilèges, Ravel. London, Morelle, Chapman, Fryatt, Dowling. Conductor: Matheson. L'Heure Espagnole, Ravel. Blackman, Belcourt, Chorley, Folley, Savoie. Conductor: Brydon. (New Opera Company Production). 7.30
Sat 19 Feb: The Thieving Magpie, Rossini. Wilson, Kern, Robson, Pilley, Fryatt, Dowling, Blackburn. Conductor: Balkwill. 7.30
T 22 Feb: Orpheus in the Underworld, Offenbach. London, Morey, Rex, Miller, Shilling. Conductor: Faris. 7.30

BALLET

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (COV 1066). F 18 Feb: Les Patineurs, Meyerbeer/Ashton. Usher, Lane, Hill. Card Game. Stravinsky/Cranko. Page, Seymour, Gable (first performance of new production). Brandenburg Nos 2 and 4, Bach/Cranko. Park, MacLeary. Conductors: Comissiona, Lanchbery. 7.30
Sat 19 Feb: Brandenburg Nos 2 and 4, Bach/Cranko, Park, Rosson; Card Game, Stravinsky/Cranko, Page, Seymour, Gable; Antigone. Theordorakis/Cranko, Beriosova. Conductors: Comissiona, Lanchbery. 7.30
T 22 Feb: Romeo and Juliet. Prokofiev/MacMillan. Royal Ballet Benevolent Fund Gala with Fonteyn and Nureyev. 8.0

RECITALS

Royal Festival Hall, Belvedere Road, SE1 (WAT 3191). Sun 20 Feb: Works by Bach, Brahms, Beethoven, Bartok, Weber, Chopin. Lili Kraus, piano, 3.0

M 21 Feb: Italienisches Liederbuch, Wolf, Irmgard Seefried, soprano; Erik Werba, piano; Thomas Hemsley, baritone; Gerald Moore, piano. 8.0

W 23 Feb: Works by Bach, Muffat, Reger. Anton Nowakowski, organ. 5.55

Wigmore Hall, Wigmore Street, W1 (WEL 2141). Th 17 Feb: Nemet Piano Quartet, 1.5. Works by Bach-Busoni, Ravel, Mozart, Prokofiev, Beethoven, Brahms. Annik Morice, piano. 7.30

F 18 Feb: Works by Field, Schumann, Beethoven. Barbara Holmquest, piano. 7.30

Sat 19 Feb: Works by Locatelli, Stravinsky, Schubert, Brahms. Amsterdam Duo: Nap de Klijn, violin, Rudolf Jansen, piano. 3.0. Works by Mozart, Bach, Beethoven, Saint-Saens, Ysaye, Paganini, Syzmanowski. Jean-Jaques Kantorow, violin, Geoffrey Parsons, piano. 7.30

Sun 20 Feb: Works by Bach, Stravinsky, Schubert. Margalit Vogel, piano. 3.0

M 21 Feb: Works by Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin. C Guarnieri, Villa-Lobos. Yara Bernette, piano. 7.30

T 22 Feb: Works by Mozart, Gordon Jacobs, Lutyens, Dvorak. Portia Wind Ensemble; Conductor: Marcus Dods. 7.30

W 22 Feb: Works by Vitali, Leclair, Franck, Smetana, Ireland, Ravel. Madeleine Vautier, violin, Monique Vincent, piano. 7.30

St Mary of Eton, Hackney Wick, E9. Th 17 Feb: Works by Wesley, Byrd, Finzi, Clérambault, Dupré. New London Singers; Conductor: Donald James. Soloist: John Foss, organ. 8.0

Australia House, Strand, WC2 (TEM 2435). Th 17 Feb: Works by Brahms, Mozart, Schumann, Verdi, Debussy, Tchaikovsky, Moussorgsky, Rachmaninoff. Raymond Myers, baritone; Donald Hollinder, piano; Helen Gates, piano, 8.0

Guildhall, EC4 (MON 3030). Sun 20 Feb: Works by Chopin, Matha, Argerich of Argentina, winner of the 1956 International Chopin Prize. 7.30

Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, SW7 (KEN 6371). Sun 20 Feb: Works by Dowland, Haydn, Mozart, Brahms, Dvorak. The Saltire Singers: Patricia Clark, soprano, Jean Alister, contralto, Edgar Fleet, tenor, Frederick Westcott, bass-baritone; The Dumka Piano Trio: Suzanne Rossa, violin, Vivian Joseph, cello, Liza Fuchsova, piano. 7.30

Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn, WC1 (CHA 8032). Sun 20 Feb: Works by Haydn, Shostakovich, Beethoven. Aeolian String Quartet. 6.30

German Institute, 51 Princes Gate, SW7 (KEN 3648). M 21 Feb: Works by Bach, Bartok, Zimmerman. Jenny Abel, violin, Leonard Nokanson, piano. 8.0

T 22 Feb: Works by Reger, Hindemith, Haydn. Stross-Quartett. 8.0

Law Society Hall, Chancery Lane, WC2 (CHA 1222). T 22 Feb: Works by Hadyn, Shostakovich, Dvorak, Alberni String Quartet. 6.30

Mahatma Gandhi Hall, 41 Fitzroy Square, W1 (EUS 4004). Sat 19 Feb: Works by Vivaldi, Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Nin, Schumann. Beverley Chester, cello, Rosalind Bevan, piano. 8.0

St Georges, Bloomsbury Way, WC1. Sat 19 Feb: Works by Brahms, Buxtehude, Britten. Bloomsbury Choral Society; Conductor: John Poole. 8.0

Bishopsgate Hall, 230 Bishopsgate, EC2 (BIS 2254). T 22 Feb: Rosemarie Wright, piano. 1.5

CONCERTS

Royal Festival Hall, Belvedere Road, SE1 (WAT 3191). Th 17 Feb: Works by Debussy, Ravel, Stravinsky. London Philharmonic Orchestra and Choir. Conductor: Constantin Silvestri. Soloist: Peter Frankl (piano). 8.0

F 18 Feb: Works by Tchaikovsky, Beethoven, Wagner. London Philharmonic Orchestra, Conductor: Stanley Pope. Soloist: Friedrich Gulda (piano). 8.0

Sat 19 Feb: Works by Mozart, Bartok, Brahms. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Ling Tung. Soloist: Fou Ts'ong (piano). 8.0

Sun 20 Feb: Works by Beethoven. New Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Otto Klemperer. 7.30

T 22 Feb: Works by Tchaikovsky, Berg. Ravel. London Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Igor Markevitch. Soloist: Erich Gruenberg (violin). 8.0

W 23 Feb: Works by Mozart, Beethoven, Rossini. London Mozart Players. Conductor: Harry Blech. Soloist: Henryk Szeryng. 8.0

Royal Albert Hall, Kensington, SW7 (KEN 8212). F 18 Feb and Sat 19 Feb: Folk Festival 1966. Includes dancers, singers, and players from all England, Irish dancers, mass Morris, Handsworth sword dancers. F 7.30, Sat 10.30 am, 2.30 and 7.30

Sun 20 Feb: Works by Gallus, Mozart, Vittoria, Schubert, Scarlatti, Brahms etc. The Vienna Boys' Choir. Conductor: Anton Neyder. 3.0

Arias by Handel, Glière, Rossini, Bellini. Joan Sutherland and the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Richard Bonynge. 7.30

W 23 Feb: The Dream of Gerontius, Elgar. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Sir Malcolm Sargent. Soloists: Josephine Veasey, Ronald Dowd, Forbes Robinson, Arnold Grier. 7.30

Guildhall, EC4 (MON 3030). F 18 Feb: Orchestral Concert. Conductor: Stanford Robinson. Tickets from Secretary, Guildhall School of Music and Drama. 7.30

Fairfield Hall, Croydon (CRO 9291). Sat 19 Feb: Works by Mozart, Beethoven, Handel. London Mozart Players. Soloists: Harry Blech, Manoug Parikian, Arnold Richardson. 7.45

Royal Academy, Burlington House, Piccadilly, W1 (REG 7981). Th 17 Feb: Works by Debussy, Roussel, Ravel. Delme String Quartet. Soloists: Marie Korchinska, Geoffrey Gilbert, Jack Brymer. 6.30

Odeon Cinema, Swiss Cottage (PRI 3424). T 22 Feb: Works by Respighi, Chopin, Berlioz. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Poberto Benzi. Soloist: Fou Ts'ong (piano). 8.0

Guildhall School of Music, John Carpenter Street, EC4 (FLE 7774). T 22 Feb: Chamber Concert. 4.10

GALLERIES

Confusing, isn't it? First we seemed surrounded by prints and now it's sculpture. Not that all the work I have in mind could be defined as sculpture in traditional terms; it functions in new ways, it occupies space in new ways, and it makes fresh demands on how we look at it and respond to it. Furthermore, it often rouses in our minds awkward questions as to what to do with it.

An older generation of modern sculptors taught us, or reminded us, of tactile qualitiese, materials with surfaces that we imagine we run our hands over: then a relatively more brutal and exposed type of sculpture seemed to invite the onlooker to clamber over it: present sculpture is likely to keep us at bay in two opposite ways. Either it scares us off, the surrealistically orientated images look as if they might bite back if we get too close, or there is a high and precious gloss to the work that forbids touching, like a new car in a showroom on which we would leave guilty fingerprints.

Indeed there is about this latter kind of sculpture a general air of prototype, the glamorous mock-up of an image that might, finances allowing, be carried out in some more substantial medium and by specialised craftsmen. A cellulose-covered surface really must have a professional finish or we shall be distracted by a dribble or a soft angle to a degree that disables us from accepting the concept of the work as a whole.

Assemblage sculpture, or sculpture in which the form is modified by paint so as to give it an animistic or an atmospheric character, and sculpture which is made as a model or a toy, (in the manner of Jann Howarth's work) has a slightly easier task in the first instance. It can make so many references to so many different things at once that the viewer is inclined to give the artist the benefit of any doubt, to wait and see if, after longer contemplation, everything hangs together.

It is unfair, perhaps, but it is human to apply illogical comparisons to quite different intentions, but art is a human occupation and individual people prefer to be moved emotionally rather than convinced intellectually. A tour that took in the Axiom, Robert Fraser, Brook Street, Kasmins, Hanover, Waddington, New London and the Grabowski galleries at one go might exhaust the body but would certainly stimulate a receptive mind and remove some preconceptions as to what sculpture nowadays embraces.

keith sutton

Duboffet

Moldavian book cover (1557)

Sonia Delaunay

Malcolm Hughes

FIRST FIVE

1 Jan Howarth (Robert Fraser). **2** Joe Tilson (New London). **3** Bonnard (Royal Academy). **4** Sandra Blow (N.A.C.). **5** Three sculptors (Kasmin).

OPENING

Jann Howarth, Robert Fraser, 69 Duke Street, W1. MAY 7196. First one-man show of brilliant young American artist, trained at Slade: a world of her own, made from kapok, peopled by disturbingly familiar familiars. (See *London Life*, 12 Feb.) 24 Feb-19 March. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 11.1

Joe Tilson, Colin Lanceley. Marlborough New London, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 5161. Tilson; Columns, ziggurats, reliefs in wood, metals and paints; recent developments of familiar and fresh imagery. Lanceley; first showing of wooden painted sculptures of Alice in Wonderland-like fantasy. 22 Feb-18 March. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-1

Paul Delvaux, Frederico Moroni. Piccadilly, 16a Cork Street, W1. MAY 2875. Delvaux; Surrealist drawings. Moroni; figurative drawings. 22 Feb-12 March. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1.

Tooth's, 31 Bruton Street, W1. GRO 6741. British Painting 1900-1950. Artists include Mathew Smith, Augustus John, Stanley Spencer, Sickert and Innes. 22 Feb-12 March. M-F 9.30-5.30, Sat 9.30-1

CURRENT SHOWS

Norman Adams, Roland, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. REG 7984. Recent paintings, small watercolours and large oils inspired by Scottish lochs and lakes. Until 5 March. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

Agnew, 43 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 6176. 93rd Annual Watercolour Exhibition: English drawings and watercolours of 18th, 19th and 20th centuries. Until 5 March. M-F 9.30-5.30, Sat 9.30-1

AIA, 15 Lisle Street, WC2. GER 4846. Women's International Art Club. Until 3 March. M-F 11-6, Sat 11-4

Alenanro and Villalba. Drian, 5/7 Porchester Place, W2. PAD 9473. Young Spanish figurative artists: Alexanco; graphics – mainly silkscreen Villalba; football players in gesso relief medium. Until 28 Feb. Daily 10-6

Arts Council, 4 St James's Square, W1. WHI 9737. Treasures of Rumanian Art: an exhibition lent by the Rumanian People's Republic: works from the 15th to the 18th century, including icons, embroidery, silver, carvings and ceramics. Until 26 Feb, daily 10-6, T and Th 10-8. Adm. 3s 6d, students half price

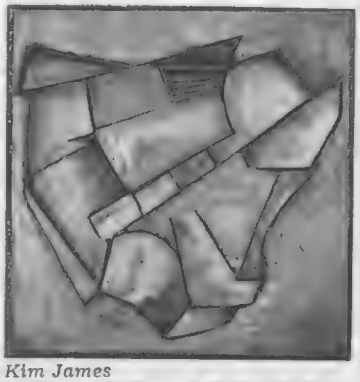
Art Federation Galleries, 6½ Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, SW1. WHI 6844. Young Contemporaries 1966. Until 23 Feb. 10-6, Sun 2-5. Adm. 2s 6d, students 1s 6d

Axiom Gallery, 79 Duke Street, W1. HYD 6646. First exhibition of new gallery; artists and work suggest a style of cool optical response, paintings, constructions and sculpture. Present show includes John Ernest, Michael Kidner and Malcolm Hughes. Daily 10-6, Sat 10-1

Trevor Bates. Grabowski, 84 Sloane Avenue, SW3. KEN 1868. Recent work; sculpture screens of light-handed open metal, between £35-£300; drawings from £15. Until 26 Feb. Daily 10-6

Victoria & Albert Museum, South Kensington, SW7. KEN 6371. Raphael: Special exhibition of restored and cleaned cartoons; also Victorian Book Illustration exhibition in Galleries 70-74. All galleries open free daily 10-6, Sun 2.30-6

Norman Adams



Kim James

Michael Kidner

Ernest Benkert, Francis Hewitt, Edwin Mieczkowski. ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. GRO 6186. "Anonima" Group of New York, three American artists showing recent paintings. Library: **Miralda** – drawings by Spanish artist. Both shows until 19 March. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

André Bicat and **Charles Keene.** Leicester, 4 Audley Square, South Audley Street, W1. MAY 1159. Bicat; recent oil paintings and watercolours of Tuscany. Keene; drawings, including subjects and studies for *Punch* jokes etc. Until 5 March. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

Asher Bilu. Rowan, 25a Lowndes Street, SW1. BEL 3490. Recent paintings. Until 24 Feb. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

Sandra Blow. New Art Centre, 41 Sloane Street, SW1. BEL 5844. Recent paintings, first exhibition in London for three or four years. Eleven large paintings, up to 54 by 96 in. and number of small oils on paper. Until 5 March. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

Bonnard, Royal Academy, Burlington House, Piccadilly, W1. REG 7981. Major retrospective exhibition. Until Sun 6 March. M-Sat 10-6, Wed 10-8, Sun 10-6. Adm. 10s. Sun 5s, season ticket £1

British Museum, Great Russell Street, WC1. MUS 1555. Masterpieces of the Print Room – if it were a visiting exhibition there would be queues. State of Asia on eve of European invasion. Daily 10-5, Sun 2.30-6

Sonia Delaunay, Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W1. MAY 3720. Wife of Robert Delaunay: retrospective (1907-65), of oils, drawings, gouaches and pastels. Until 26 Feb. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-1

Robert Fraser, 69 Duke Street, W1. MAY 7196. West Coast Artists: including Larry Bell, Wallace Berman, Bruce J Conner, Lyn Foulkes, Craig Kauffman and Ed Ruscha. Until 20 Feb. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 11-1

Grosvenor, 30 Davies Street, W1. MAY 0891. Reliefs, sculpture, cotta and bronze reliefs; Kennett-paintings, collages. Koenig – terracotta and bronze reliefs; Kennett – abstract bronze sculpture; Dolenec – paintings on glass; Lorri – collage paintings. Until 12 March. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

Hamilton, 8 St George Street, Hanover Square, W1. HYD 3196. Sculpture and sculptors drawings; house artists and some new ones. Until 12 March. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

Hannema, Halina, Foster, Woodstock, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAY 4419. Paintings by artists new to gallery. Until 28 Feb. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

Kim James, Hanover, 32a St George Street, W1. MAY 0296. First one-man exhibition of sculptures in bronze and marble. Until March. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

Brian Kneale, Whitechapel, High Street, E1. BIS 1492. Retrospective exhibition of sculptures and paintings. Until 3 March. M-Sat 11-6, Sun 2-6

McRoberts & Tunnard, 34 Curzon Street, W1. GRO 3811. "Contrasts 7," Soutine, Segonzac to Steele, Mack, Fontana, etc. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, WC2. WHI 7618. Permanent collection of Old Masters, possibly the most comprehensive in the world. Recent acquisitions and pictures rehung after cleaning include Cézanne's *Bathers* and Uccello's *Rout of San Romano.* M-Sat 10-6, Sun 2-6. Adm. free

National Portrait Gallery, 2 St Martin's Place, WC2. WHI 8511. Exhibition of Acquisition of 1965 Free. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-6, Sun 2-6

Alejandro Otero, Signals London, 39 Wigmore Street, W1. WEL 8044. Until 20 March. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

Poliakoff, Redfern, 20 Cork Street, W1. MAY 2875. Paintings, etchings and lithographs, work since 1945. Until 26 Feb. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

Gaston Prunier and **Henry Somm.** Anthony D'Offay, 6 Vigo Street, W1. REG 5568. Drawings. Until 28 M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

Ron Robertson-Swann, Wendy Taylor, Yeheskiel Yardeni, Kasmin, 118 New Bond Street, W.1. MAY 2821. First showing of three new sculptors. Through Feb. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

Willi Rondas, John Wibley, 60 George Street, W1. WEL 5651. Brussels born artist, trained architect and picture restorer, showing recent Surrealist paintings. Until 26 Feb. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

Peter Schmidt. Curwen, 1 Coleville Place, W1. MUS 1549. Recent paintings and silk-screen prints. Until 26 Feb. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-7

Tim Scott. Waddington, 2 Cork Street, W1. REG 1719. First one-man show at the gallery of young sculptor. Six or seven large works. Until 26 Feb. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

SALEROOMS

THURS 17 FEB

Objects of art and clocks, fine English furniture, tapestries, Eastern rugs and carpets at Christie's. 11 am

Fine jewels at Sotheby's. 11 am

Paintings by Old and Modern Masters at Bongam's. 11 am

Fine furs and fur coats at Phillips, Son & Neale's. 11 am. Want to get rid of that old mink model right away? And if you are on the buying side this is where you get that bargain piece of fluff to keep out the March winds

FRI 18 FEB

19th-century narrative and landscape pictures at Christie's. 11 am

English and Continental furniture, historic American flags, rugs and carpets and works of art at Sotheby's. 11 am. This sale includes no fewer than three historical American flags but this is not the first time that Sotheby's have successfully sold the "Stars and Stripes." They did so last year to the tune of £5,400

Postage stamps at Puttick & Simpson's. 11 am

Antique and Modern furniture and household effects at Phillips, Son & Neale's Marylebone auction-rooms. 10 am

MON 21 FEB

Fine English and Continental portrait miniatures, scientific instruments, fine watches and clocks at Sotheby's. 11 am. There is a 14th-century Gothic iron-weight-driven wall clock in this sale – an exceptionally ancient timepiece which has little resemblance to a clock by modern-day standards

An important collection of Japanese netsuke from an American museum at Christie's. 11 am, continuing Tues and Wed

British Commonwealth and foreign stamps at Harmer's. 1.30 pm

Antique and reproduction furniture, carpets, porcelain and pictures at Phillips, Son & Neale's. 11 am

TUES 22 FEB

Fine English drawings and water-colours at Christie's. 11 am. The Coldstream Guards are selling a framed drawing of a military encampment in Hyde Park by Paul Sandby in this sale

Fine Continental porcelain at Sotheby's. 11 am. There are many fine pieces of Meissen porcelain in this sale

English and Continental furniture, porcelain and works of art at Phillips, Son & Neale's. 1 am

Ceramics and objects of art at Puttick & Simpson's. 11 am

Household furniture and effects at Bonham's Old Chelsea Galleries. 11 am

WED 23 FEB

Fine jewels at Christie's. 11 am

Old Master paintings at Sotheby's. 11 am

Silver and jewellery at Puttick & Simpson's. 11 am

English and Continental furniture, clocks, mirrors, Eastern rugs and carpets at the Motcomb Galleries. 11 am and 2.30 pm

Silver, plated ware, bijouterie, coins and miniatures at Knight, Frank & Rutley's. 1 pm

penny haworth

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RESTAURANTS

Victor Sassie, owner of The Gay Hussar.

WRITERS ON RESTAURANTS

The Gay Hussar by George Mikes

The Gay Hussar restaurant in Greek Street is not a very posh place. It consists of a single, long, narrow room. There are ledges, high up on both sides, full of empty plum-brandy and *barack* bottles. Lower down there are some *Matyo* embroideries and a few odd photograph – a Hungarian folk dancer, an ancient warrior on horseback and a portrait of Queen Elizabeth of Hungary, wife of Francis Joseph, with a few Hungarian dolls thrown in for good measure. The place is not too comfortable either: if most of the guests are sitting pretty, there are a few others who cannot help feeling that the place accommodates too many people. However, I was near the telephone and heard at least five lots of people turned away. "Sorry, absolutely impossible tonight," and those probably thought that the place did not accommodate enough people.

The Gay Hussar is a Hungarian restaurant and a very good one. I should be inclined to say that only an Englishman can run such a good Hungarian restaurant. Indeed, Victor Sassie *is* an Englishman, born and bred, who fell in love with Hungarian cooking and became its devotee and prophet.

Most restaurants boast of their atmosphere and, indeed, all of them have *some* sort of an atmosphere. The Gay Hussar has three different atmospheres, contributed by three diverse sections of its clientele. There are the numerous English customers who like Hungarian food or just simply can tell a good place when they see one; there are the tourists, many Americans among them, who were tipped off about this place in Kansas City, or Hot Springs (Iowa); and finally there are the Hungarians, who know what to expect, who can judge and compare, appreciate and condemn; while they may, on occasions, grow critical, they can also wax enthusiastic and lyrical. I suggested to Victor that the Hungarians were causing too much trouble with their knowledge as *connoisseurs*, while the English – polite and docile as always – were the better customers.

He would not have that.

"But I want criticism," he insisted. "I want a man to know that he is eating something good. We will go to any length to please a customer if he really knows what he wants, however misguided he may be. Just a few minutes ago, Mr B, a Hungarian businessman – sitting over there – told me he liked hard, cold sour-cheese in his pancake. Well that would put most people off. But if he likes it . . . My chef and I were delighted to spoil our pancakes and give him what he wanted. The people I dislike are the ones who push a dish away, and when asked what's wrong with it shrug their shoulders and cannot tell. They are hopeless. They don't enjoy eating. They are lost."

The three atmospheres of the Gay Hussar mingle and take turn about to dominate. "This is an English night," Victor informed me, and indeed it was, with a member of the peerage at one table, the editor of a Sunday paper at another.

Hungarian food in the Gay Hussar is excellent; its soups are especially famous, its mixed hors d'oeuvres a poem, its Transylvanian mixed grills even look beautiful. But is Hungarian food – as such – really good? On occasion I have been assailed by doubts. For a long, long time I thought Hungarian food was an acquired taste, and having lived for so many years in England I started feeling that the Hungarian cuisine was too tasty, too spicy, too hot. This was treachery on my part; my moments of doubt were moments of weakness. Victor would have none of it. When I said that French cooking was supreme, he grew really indignant.

"Nonsense," he said politely but firmly in his excellent Hungarian (his grammar breaks down occasionally but his accent is impeccable). "French cooking is wildly overpraised. You will fall for clever French propaganda. The French stuff is all sauces and artificial flavouring. *Coq au vin is* the worst dish in the world. In Hungary you get the taste of the meat or the fish. Paprika? It is not all paprika – there are many dishes without it. But take Hungarian paprika if you like. It has taste and strength and flavour: Italian and Spanish paprika taste like water. There is nothing to beat good Hungarian cooking. I, as a true Englishman, can assure you of this. It is easily the best."

I am sure that is Victor's secret. There are other restaurants with a quaint, charming atmosphere; there are others with good food. But he has faith – perhaps more important in a restaurateur than in most other professions. I knew he had refused to cater for businessmen on a block-booking basis: they want only steaks and chops and the standard of the Gay Hussar might have gone down. He frowns on clients who start their meals with innumerable whiskies; they have come there to drink, not to eat. Most other restaurateurs would approve of them because they bring in a lot of money, but not Victor. He is an artist; he puts his heart and soul on the table. You may accept or reject it but you must not ignore it.

Victor, as I said, is a prophet: his mission is to teach his fellow-Englishmen to enjoy good Hungarian food. Come to think of it, Victor is by far the most successful prophet I have ever come across.

Selective guide compiled by Neil Rhind, Editorial Manager of the Good Food Club. This week the selection is international.
CS—Closed Sundays.

TOP TEN

CHINESE

Good Friends and New Friends, 139 and 185 Salmon Lane, Limehouse, E14 **(EAS 5541 and 3366).** Meals served from 12 noon to about 11 pm. If you want Chinese food at its best and its most authentic you must be prepared to make the journey to Limehouse. It will be well worth the trouble. Give them notice and try such specialities as the whole steamed mullet, whole stuffed duck, Chinese cheese and sausage, and the extraordinary melon soup. Even the more mundane dishes are a gastronomic revelation. A meal of extreme variety and satisfying proportions will cost about 15s to £1 per head. No drinks; off-licence opposite Good Friends

ENGLISH

Hungry Horse, 196 Fulham Road, SW10 **(FLA 7757).** Dinner only, 6.30-midnight. Another example of the back-to-Mrs-Beeton school – basically British from starters to finish: gulls' eggs or leeks to begin with; brains in black butter, roast beef and Yorkshire, or salmon fishcakes as a main dish; baked treacle tart or Dorothy's Glorious Pudding to end. All very filling, and about 25s each without drinks. Licensed

Simpson's-in-the-Strand, 100 The Strand WC2 **(Tem 7131).** Lunch 12-3; dinner 6-10. C.S. Simpson's is not for slimmers. The inclusive helpings of body-building potatoes and cabbage with every main course preclude such pastimes. The trolley-borne roasts, the pies, puddings (sweet as well as savoury) and the restaurant's basic Britishness have made Simpson's world famous. You will be able to stuff yourself for quite a modest sum. The wine list is good and expensive; the Bass on draught well kept; carafes from 13s 6d. Don't forget to tip the carver

FRENCH

Cellier du Midi, 28 Church Row, Hampstead, NW3 **(HAM 9998).** Dinner only 6.30-11. C.S. This *is* a cellar, and the food *does* originate from the Midi. So if you want a truly authentic French regional meal it is worth ordering the casseroles: *pot au feu* (10s 6d) and *boeuf Alaric* (10s 6d); *poulet Fontgrande* (12s 6d) is very good, too. The soups, coffee and service are exactly as they ought to be. No licence but they will send out or you can bring your own drinks for 3s corkage

La Toque Blanche, 21 Abingdon Road, W8 **(WES 5832).** Lunch 12.30-2, dinner 7-10.45. A small, charming and often crowded restaurant with a highly skilled chef/proprietor who is a dab hand at *soupe aux poissons, crêpe de fruits de mer* (6s 6d), *civet de lièvre* (12s 6d), *langoustines à ma façon* (15s), and *ballotine de volaille Bressane* (12s 6d). The cheeses are exceptional. The waiting is expert and supervised by *la Patronne*. On the wine list is a special connoisseurs' section: about 30 bottles, costing over £2, and very strong on the better Burgundies

INDIAN

Jamsnid, 6 Glendower Place, SW7 **(KNI 2309** and **KEN 8045).** Lunch 12-3, dinner 6.30-11. This is rather more expensive than most Indian restaurants but it is also rather better than most of them. Even so, it is still possible to have a good and varied meal for less than £1 per head. Kashmiri chicken kebab (11s 9d) is a splendid dish and the mutton curry (8s) is well prepared and properly cooked. If you like mild curry try the *bhoona* chicken (11s 9d); if you have an asbestos mouth the chicken *vindaloo* (at the same price) should be hot enough. There are no half-portions here, so don't order too much and be prepared to wait a little. Wines in carafe 16s 9d; the lager at 3s 3d is a much better idea

INTERNATIONAL

Nick's Diner, 88 Ifield Road, SW10 **(FLA 0930).** Dinner only, 7-midnight. C.S. This is a bistro, though in its time it has been the English equivalent, a transport café. Now the proprietor and his chef offer an unusual and often-changing menu which might include grilled fresh sardines with French mustard (7s 6d), *poussin Corsoise,* or cold Lebanese soup (4s 6d). Short, high-priced wine list; half-litre carafes 12s 6d. From the outside this looks like a private house, and you have to ring for admittance

Parkes, 4 Beauchamp Place, SW3 **(KEN 1390).** Dinner only, 7.30-11.30. C.S. Many people think this is the finest restaurant in London. It certainly takes a lot of beating. Tom Benson took over as chef when Ray Parkes died, and has carried on the restaurant's tradition with exceptional originality and distinction. You pay 65s for a four-course *table d'hôte* meal which may include sweetbreads with cognac, mussels in a mustard soup, baby turkey with cherries and chestnuts, a salad with Roquefort *pâté,* and finish with a peach filled with lemon sorbet. The service is good, the wine list good but rather dear. You will certainly have a memorable meal. You must book well in advance

WINE

Grosvenor House, Park Lane, W1 **(GRO 6363.)** Lunch 12.30-3, dinner 6-10.30. The Grosvenor's wine list is like a thin telephone directory—unless you know your way about it from constant use it is wise to ask for an aperitif or one of the 16 sherries and sit down for 15 minutes and study it. Of course there is the long list of champagnes, splendid clarets at equally splendid prices (an ordinary Médoc at 25s 6d, a 1934 Ch. Haut-Brion 77s 6d will give you some idea), magnums of Barsac and branded Liebfraumilchs and so on. Yet it is wines from minor districts like the Ayler Herrenberg Auslese '59, a Saar wine, or the Eitelsbacher Marienholz from the Ruwer that makes this list even more interesting. Providing your political inclinations don't forbid such things you can try South African wines like the dry white Bertram's Constantia (at 17s the second cheapest bottle on the whole list). There is even a South African brandy at 2s 9d. And an 1884 Cuisenier at three times the price

FISH

Sheekey's, 29-31 St Martin's Court, WC2 **(TEM 4118).** Meals served 12.15-8.30 (Sat 12.15-3). C.S. A fish restaurant off the southern end of Charing Cross Road. It is very crowded, for the tables are set rather too close together and you might have to share yours with others. Still, the fish is worth it. Good helpings of stewed eels (6s), dressed crab (8s), lobster soup (6s). The rest of the seafood is steamed sole (13s 6d), turbot (11s 6d), salmon (16s) and others, served with either lobster (1s 6d) or parsley (1s) sauce. No sweets, only cheese. Good white wines from 18s 6d and upwards; by the glass 4s

AROUND TOWN

CEYLONESE

Sri Lanka, 19 Childs Street, SW5 **(FRE 4116).** Lunch, 12-3, dinner 6-midnight; Sat and Sun noon to midnight. Ceylonese food outside Ceylon is rare, and Sri Lanka is possibly Europe's only example of a Ceylonese restaurant. The dishes are Indian-sounding in name, but have a slightly milder taste. It is worth asking the waiter to suggest a meal rather than flounder helplessly with the wrong sort of mixtures. You might like to start with the *risam* (clear pepper soup 1s 6d), then *harak mas* (a beef curry 5s 6d), *badapu isso* (fried prawns 7s) or *pittu fish* (7s), with this you can have hot fried onion sambal or the milder *pol sambala,* both 1s 6d. *Kiri saha pani* (curd with honey) for pudding. All wines under 22s 6d; by the glass 3s. Joss-sticks and candlelight

CHINESE

Fu Tong, 29 Kensington High Street, W8 **(WES 8448).** Meals are served from midday-11.30. The Fu Tong has been described as a sort of Chinese Caprice-cum-Mirabelle. It isn't *that* expensive, but nevertheless it is by no means cheap even by London's Chinese standards. To do really well ask the staff to advise you, then, if you don't mind spending a bit, you should enjoy yourself. Main dishes about 7s to 17s 6d, no half-portions. Licensed: some Chinese wines by the glass (4s) which should *not* be treated as a joke; they are dynamite

ENGLISH

Baker & Oven, 10 Paddington Street, W1 **(WEL 5072).** Lunch 12-3, dinner 6-12. There was a bake-oven here, so the name isn't quite as whimsical as it may at first seem. It is a pleasant, quite new cellar-restaurant with two beer and wine bars on the ground floor. In the basement one dines in alcoves under the road. Onion soup with *croûtons* and fresh parsley is very good value at 3s; the veal, ham and egg pie with fresh vegetables remarkable at 7s 6d. Steak and kidney pie much commended. In the wine bar you can get a glass of Chambolle Musigny for 3s, and the rolls are hot. Draught beers

The Garden, 9 Henrietta Street, WC2 **(COV 0088).** Lunch 12.30-2.30, dinner 6-11.45. Closed Sat lunch, and all Sunday. This new restaurant is sensibly named, for it is only a stone's throw from the centre of Covent Garden Market; the vegetables ought to be fresh, at least. Like its parent, Le Carrosse, the decor is by David Hicks, and the menu an international one. On the ground floor is a snack bar with home-made *pâtés,* fish and shepherd's pie and the like, with main dishes about 9s. Downstairs in the basement is the main restaurant where one can have an enormous *hors d'oeuvre* for 10s 6d, and things like chicken in lemon and tarragon sauce (13s 6d). Generous carafes from 10s the half, 18s the whole

FRENCH

Andrea's, 8-9 Blacklands Terrace, SW3 **(KNI 2919).** Lunch 12.30-2.30, dinner 6.30-11.15. C.S. A quiet place, comfortable and relaxing. Andrea's doesn't attempt any curiosities in its cooking but sticks sensibly to the dishes it can do well. The *entrecôte Marseillaise* and the chicken *à la Kiev* (both at 14s 6d are consistently good) the veal dishes (*Chasseur* and *Milanaise* 15s 6d and 13s 6d) and the pastas are likely to please. The wines are interesting but dear; carafes for 14s, 7s 6d, the half; wine by the glass 3s 6d

L'Opéra, 32 Great Queen Street, WC2 **(HOL 9020).** Lunch 12.15-3, dinner 7-11.30. L'Opéra is from the same stable as the Minotaur and the Genevieve. Like them it is mainly French, though the proprietors claim to have no Frenchmen to conduct its affairs. It is a welcome port of call in an area not over-endowed with good restaurants. *Poulet Provençal,* vichysoisse, and the *ris de veau* are good. Main dishes about 13s. Licensed; wine by the glass 3s 6d

GERMAN

Schmidt's, 33 Charlotte Street, W1 **(MUS 8932).** Meals are served from 12-10.30. We all know Schmidt's—that old-fashioned German restaurant on a variety of floors in a variety of long rooms where the food is plain, cheap and wholesome, and the waiting sometimes leaves much to be desired. Whatever the faults, it deserves a place here for the long, authentic and more than reasonably priced menu and wine list. In between frankfurters and sauerkraut (3s 9d) and Holstein Schnitzel (8s) there is a varied choice of German bourgeois dishes. German and English beers on draught; long wine list from about 13s, by the glass from 2s 3d

GREEK

Kebab and Homous House, 95 Charlotte Street, W1 **(MUS 3144).** Meals 10 am-11.30 pm. Now that this restaurant was recently signalled as one of Jean Shrimpton's favourites you should book your table early to beat the crowds falling over themselves to watch her dining. When she's not there, go and try the *houmos, kebab, afelia* or *moussaka;* a 3-course meal with Greek bread should cost no more than 15s. Greek wines; *ouzo,* and *retzina* by the glass 3s 6d; Greek sweets; Greek records

INDIAN

Veeraswamy's, 99 Regent Street, W1 **(REG 1401/3).** Lunch 12-3, dinner 6-12 (Sunday 7-10.30). You enter this restaurant from Swallow Street, at the Piccadilly Circus end of Regent Street. The proprietor in his endeavour to make his restaurant the most authentic Indian eating-place in Britain, travels all over India seeking new recipes and new inspiration. The result of his journeyings is good, if expensive, Indian cuisine. The menu is short; set lunch 18s 6d; set dinner 21s, and a brief list of *à la carte* main dishes costing up to about 17s. The atmosphere is more of Delhi, 1900, than 1965—but none the worse for that. Licensed: wines rather dear; lager on draught; fruit cup 5s

INTERNATIONAL

The Sands, 30 New Bond Street, W1 **(MAY 4946).** Meals served from 10 am to 2 am; Sunday 4 pm to midnight. If any restaurant deserves the title "international" then it is The Sands, a multiplicity of restaurants on three floors: a sort of smart pâtisserie-cum-coffee-bar on the ground floor, a casual snack bar upstairs, and in the basement a quite luxurious place at not too luxurious prices. It's all a bit of a jamboree in a way, for the decor owes as much to Hollywood as Egypt, Sweden and Assyria; the menu includes things from places as far apart as the Carpathian mountains and Hawaii. Main dishes about 8s to 15s. Licensed: wines by the glass from 3s, by the carafe from 12s

ITALIAN

Biagi's, 39 Upper Berkeley Street, W1 **(PAD 0394).** Lunch 12-3, dinner 6-11.45. A trattoria decorated with a nautical touch, though I hope they never have need to use the life-belts. The menu is long, Italian, and not wildly dear. The *plats du jour* are from 9s 6d to 12s 6d (including vegetables) and the *à la carte* main dishes cost about the same but without the garnishings. *Peperoni all' olio* (4s 6d), *moules marinières* or the *lasagne* should be good starters; there are *saltimbocca* and *scallopine alla crema* for later on. The *zabaglione* or the *sambucca* would make a suitable finish to the meal. Mostly Italian wines; carafes at 8s and 15s 6d, by the glass 2s 6d

Hostaria Romana, 70 Dean Street, W1 **(REG 2869).** Lunch 12-3, dinner 6-11.30. The *abbacchio* (roast baby lamb in the Roman style, 9s 6d) is the speciality here; the minestrone (3s), *lasagne* (5s 6d), spaghetti (5s 6d), casserole of duckling (10s 6d), and scampi sauté (12s 6d) are good, and include vegetables where necessary at no extra cost. Licensed: wine by the glass 3s

POLISH

Polonia, 27 Grosvenor Gardens, SW1 **(VIC 4614** and **6759).** Meals served 11 am-10 pm. This is a simple restaurant but it has a varied range of dishes, and as the main dishes include two vegetables the value is remarkably good. Begin with the *hors d'oeuvre* de luxe (5s 6d), or eggs Florentine (5s), and for the next course boiled chicken (7s 6d), Vienna schnitzel (7s 6d) or tripe Polish style (6s 6d). Wines by the glass 2s 6d to 3s; large range of bottle beers including some from Poland

WINE

El Vino, 47 Fleet Street, EC4 **(FLE 6786).** Hours, 11-3; 5.30-11. This is a very old-fashioned place, rather dusty but just right for journalists and lawyers to meet, and talk, and drink. Behind the long bar on the ground floor there are large barrels of port and sherry and a perfectly adequate range of wines and spirits by the glass. One can even get a glass of Vosne Romanée (6s for nigh on a quarter of a bottle) and very good drinking it is. Like most London wine bars El Vino's bottle a lot of their own wines and these can be bought to take away. Sandwiches only, even at lunchtime. Service knowledgeable and pleasant.

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NIGHT LIFE

DISCOTHEQUES

Blaise's, 121 Queen's Gate, SW7 (KEN 6228). Opens 9 pm-2.30 am. Membership 2 guineas. Mon-Thurs entrance free to members until 11 pm. Fri 10s. Sat 10s 6d girls; 12s 6d men. All alcoholic drinks 3s. Food, *à la carte* about £1 per head. Discs, a different live group every night. Roulette 2s 6d min. Blackjack 5s. Chauffeuse available to drive well-known members home

Chalet Suisse, 74 Charlote Street, W1 (MUS 0036 and LAN 3626). 7.30 pm to 1.30 am including Sunday. Membership 1 guinea. Entrance fee from 5s weekdays to 10s weekends. Dinner approx £1 a head. Spirits 3s. Beer 2s 6d. *Entertainment:* currently Eddie Dusham, Gwen Dolen and the Do Re Mi Trio, discothèque dancing, blackjack, roulette

Cromwellian, 3 Cromwell Road, SW7 (KNI 7258). 8 pm-2.30 am. Annual membership 3 guineas, entrance 7s 6d members, 12s 6d guests. Small grills menu about £1 a head plus drinks (average club prices). *Entertainment:* Several groups, discothèque, casino

Dolly's, 57 Jermyn Street, SW1 (GRO 5927). 10.30 pm-4 am. Closed Sunday. Annual membership 5 guineas. No entrance fee. Cover charge 1 guinea, includes first drink. Whisky, sold by miniature, 10s. Wines 36s. Steaks, salads and Danish specialities 12s 6d. Special breakfast from 3 am

Downstairs, May Fair Hotel, Berkeley Street, W1 (MAY 7777). 10.30 pm-2.30 am. No membership. Entrance 10s (Sat £1). Includes free snacks, sandwiches, etc. Double whisky 7s, gin 6s 6d, champagne £2 5s. *Entertainment:* 3 bands

Earl's Cave, 97 Earls Court Road, W8 (FRO 1999). 8 pm-1 am. Closed Mon. Membership 21s men, 10s ladies per year. Entrance: weekend, guests 7s 6d men, 6s ladies. Members 6s men, 4s 6d ladies. Less during the week. Licensed till midnight. Sandwiches served. Drinks: Scotch 2s 6d. Tue: Free wine between 8.30 and 9.30 pm. Wed: Drinks at half-price till 10 pm. Entertainment: Boule, 2s 6d min, £1 max. Discothèque dancing

Flamingo, 33/37 Wardour Street, W1 (GER 1549). Closed Mon. 8-11 pm Tues, disc session. 7.30-11.30 Wed, big name band session. 8-11 Thur, disc session. 7.30-11.30 and midnight to 5 am, Fri, band session and usually US star. 7.30-11.30, midnight-6 am, Sat, band session. 3-6 pm and 4.30-11 pm, Sun, band session. Membership (incl in first visit) 7s 6d early session, 15s late session. Entrance 5s early session, 10s late session (more if big name). Tues, Thur record sessions at 3s 6d. Unlicensed

The 007, Hilton Hotel, Park Lane, W1 (HYD 8000). 6.30 pm-2 am. No entrance fee. Service charge 12½ per cent. Minimum food charge after 11 pm 10s 6d. Light supper from 11 pm from 13s 6d. Whisky 6s. Goldfinger cocktail 7s. Discothèque and a band from 9 pm

Saddle Room, 7 Hamilton Place, W1 (GRO 4994). 10 pm to 5 am except Sunday. Membership £1 2s 6d (membership temporarily closed). Entrance and first drink £1, subsequent drinks 3s 6d. Short grills menu about 15s to £1 a head. *Entertainment:* discothèque, dancing, 2 fruit machines

Whisky-a-Gogo, 33/37 Wardour Street, W1 (GER 7676). 8 pm-3 am. Membership 21s men, 10s 6d ladies for 6 months. Entrance: Mon to Fri: Ladies free, Mon, Wed and Thurs. Men free. 7s 6d weekends. Food: Barbecue. Drinks at normal pub prices. Meals will shortly be served. Entertainment: Roulette, dice, blackjack, Bank Las Vegas. Stakes vary from 2s 6d to £5. Discs, live groups. Weekend cabaret. Every Sat: special buses for members to Finchley, Golders Green, Stamford Hill at 12.45 and 1.45 am

SPECTACULARS & CABARETS

Annie's Room, 24-26 Russell Street, Covent Garden, WC2 (TEM 6100) (daytime booking HYD 0696). 9 pm till 4 am. Closed Sun. Annual membership 2 guineas. Cover charge £1. Menu at 27s 6d per head or *à la carte* plus drinks. Whisky and gin 5s. Cabaret at 11.45 and 1.30. *Entertainment:* Dancing to 2 resident groups, Annie Ross herself makes intermittent appearances. Star cabaret. Currently: American guitarist Frank D'Rone

Churchill's, 160 New Bond Street, W1 (HYD 2626). 6 pm-3.30 am. No membership fee. Dinner 55s a head. Cover charge £1 a head includes late-night supper or breakfast. *Entertainment:* Two bands and two 1-hour cabarets at 11 pm and 1 am. Cast of 40. Currently: Pifar Shang, Los Valdemosas, Vendrys

Danny La Rue's, 17 Hanover Square, W1 (GRO 4203/5), 10.30 pm to 4 am. Annual membership 2 gns. Entrance fee £1. *A la carte* menu about 35s per head plus wine. Licensed till 3 am. *Entertainment:* Dancing to 2 groups and Danny La Rue and Company in Revue at 1.15 am

Elysee, 13 Percy Street, W1 (MUS 4804 and LAN 3988). Midday to 3 pm and 6 pm to 1 am daily including. Sunday. Cabaret 3 times nightly of Greek music and dancing. Dancing from 8 pm to 1 am to 3-piece band. International menu and menu specialising in Greek food, *à la carte* only, about 21s a head weekdays. 30s weekends plus wines from 1 guinea to £3. Whisky 3s. No service or cover charge. Licensed till 12.30 am

Embassy, 6 Old Bond Street, W1 (HYD 5275). American Bar open 6.30 pm. Restaurant open 10.30-4 am. Cabaret 1 am. Annual membership 2 guineas. No entrance fee, cover charge of £1. *A la carte* menu about 35s a head plus wine. *Entertainment:* Resident comedian Davy Kaye and dancers in "Not Tonight Josephine" with Pat Ferris and Ingrid Anthofer, dancing

The Latin Quarter, 13 Wardour Street, W1 (GER 6001). 8 pm-3 am. Floor-show at 9.30 and 12.30 am. Dinner dance and floor-show: three courses 45s, four courses 55s. *Entertainment:* Floor-show: Folie Exotique, occasional discothèque in the Van Gogh Bar

Mexican Room, El Sombrero, 142/144 Kensington High Street, W8 (WES 0572). 8 pm to 2 am, closed Sunday. *A la carte* menu only from 6s to 30s. Cover charge 7s 6d. Wines from 18s 6d to 35s. Whisky 4s including mineral water. Service charge 10 per cent. Dancing from 8.30 pm to 1 am to El Sombrero Trio. Revue at 11.15 pm "See the World" starring Tommy Osborne. Licensed to 2 am

Mr Smith's Room, Rushey Green, SE6 (HIT 5468). Mon to Thurs: 8.30 pm-2 am. Fri and Sat: 8 pm-3 am. Sun: 7.30 pm-11 pm. Membership £1 per year. Entrance about 4s 6d except Sat: when 8s 6d. *A la carte* menu about 25s to 30s a head plus wine. *Entertainment:* Blackjack, boule, dice, stakes vary from 5s to £3. Cabaret from 11 pm-midnight. Currently: Steve Martin, Stella Starr, Pepita Ramirez. From Mon, 21 Feb: Dene Ramon, Luigia Canova

Quaglino's, Bury Street, St James's, SW1 (WHI 6767). 7.30 pm-1.30 am, inc Sun. Cabaret 10.45 pm. Dinner £2 10s. *Entertainment:* Dancing to 3 bands, cabaret Margot Henderson

Rehearsal Room, Over Royal Court Theatre, Sloane Square, SW1. SLO 2881. 9.30-2.30 am. Cabaret at midnight. Annual membership: first year 3 guineas: subsequently 2 guineas. Cover charge 3s. Dinner served until 2.30, dancing and cabaret 30s plus. Currently: "Three Dimensions," Roger Web's music

DINNER & DANCE

Ambiance, 1 Queensway, W2 (BAY 0990). Mon, Tues, Wed, 10 pm-1.30 am. Thurs, Fri, Sat, 10 pm-3 am. Restaurant 7.30 pm-1 am. Dinner for 2 £4-£5. Dancing to Les Flambeaux festival-winning Trinidad Steel Band. Resident folk-singer Leonore Drewry sings in restaurant all evening

Chanticleer, Roebuck House, Palace Street, SW1 (VIC 5695). 7.30 pm-12.30 am (not Sun). Cover charge 5s. Dinner approx 30s a head plus wine. Three-piece band and singer

China Garden, 66 Brewer Street, W1 (GER 6500 and 8189). Midday-3 pm; 6 pm-1 am. Closed Sun. *A la carte* dinner approx 30s a head plus wine. Whisky and gin 3s 6d single measure. Cover charge 5s a head for dinner. No service charge. Dancing to records from 8 pm to 1 am. Licensed till 1 am

La Dolce Vita, 10 Frith Street, W1 (GER 3814). Midday-3 pm; 6 pm-1.30 am. Sun till 12.30 am. La Taverna closed Mon. *A la carte* dinner in the restaurant £1 minimum. Dinner dancing in La Taverna 32s 6d: Sat 35s. *Entertainment:* Guitar and accordion music in the main restaurant. Dancing nightly except Mon

Dorchester, Park Lane, W1 (MAY 8888). The Terrace Room 12.30 pm-3 pm; 8.30 pm-1.30 am. Closed Sun. *A la carte* only £4-£5 including wine. Whisky from 3s 9d. Service charge 10 per cent. Cover charge 2s 6d. *Entertainment:* Albert Marland's Music and The Keith Silver Group from 8.30 pm-1.30 am. Licence to 1.30 am. The Grill Room: Midday-3 pm; 6.30 pm-midnight. Whisky from 3s 9d. Service charge 10 per cent. Cover charge 2s 6d. Licence to midnight

Five Hundred Club, 42 Albemarle Street, W1 (HYD 0287). 7 pm till midnight. Annual membership 3 guineas. Dinner 30s to 35s a head plus drink. *Entertainment:* Dancing to group and discothèque

Gattopardo, 29a James Street, W1 (WEL 4689). Midday-3 pm lunch approx 25s a head including wine. 7 pm-3 am dinner approx 50s a head including cover charge and wine. Closed Sun. No service charge. Dancing till 3 am to Frank Holder's music. Licensed till 3 am

One-O-One, 101 Edgware Rd, W2 (AMB 2913). Dinner 9.30-2 am preceded by cocktails 8.30-9.30. Licensed to 3.30 am with dancing to Claude Collier and his music

The Frank Holder Trio play nightly at the Gattopardo in James Street

9.30-2.30 am. Dinner between £2 and £3, whisky 4s. Large wine list, no service charge but cover charge of 10s 6d after 11 pm

Renaissance Club, 39a Harrington Road, SW7 (KEN 7761). 11.30 am-3 pm and 5.30 pm-12.30 am. Annual membership 1 guinea. *A la carte* menu. Wines 18s 6d to 37s, all vintage. Whisky 2s 9d. No service or cover charge. Licensed to midnight, supper licence till 12.30 am. *Entertainment:* Dancing to three-piece band

Tiberio, 22 Queen Street, W1 (MAY 3561). Midday-3 pm lunch. 7 pm-3.30 am dinner. *A la carte* approx £3 per head plus wine. Cover charge 2s 6d. No service charge. Dancing till 3.30 am to Olavo Vas and his Group. Licensed till 3 am

Vines, 52 Grosvenor Street, W1 (MAY 1197). Midday-3 pm lunch, cover charge 1s 6d. Set 4-course lunch 18s 6d. Bar open from 6 pm-11 pm. Dinner from 7.30 pm-midnight. Cover charge 2s 6d. Food *à la carte* approx. 50s a head plus wine. Whisky 6s to 7s large measure. Membership 2 guineas. Dancing to Yorkie de Sousa and his Group. Every Saturday night in Feb: Gala night with Johnny Parker's New Orleans Jazz Band

GAMING

Le Cercle, 5 Hamilton Place, W1 (GRO 5050). Open 10 pm. Membership by introduction only. 10 guineas entrance fee. Overseas membership half these amounts. Blackjack, roulette, chemin de fer and backgammon. Minimum about 10s. Bar and restaurant

Charlie Chester Casino, 12 Archer Street, W1 (GER 7045). Open 24 hours. Membership compulsory, 1 guinea a year. 10s session charge. Blackjack, Las Vegas, dice, pontoon and roulette. Limits 2s 6d and £100. Buffet provided

Colony, Berkeley Square, W1 (MAY 1657). Open for medium-priced lunch midday to 3 pm. Gaming starts at midday and closes when play ends. Membership, 2 guineas a year. American roulette, blackjack, craps, punto banco. Stakes vary from 2s to £100. Licensed restaurant, *à la carte* menu approximately £2 a head plus wine. Orchestra. Dancing from 9 pm till 3 pm. Licensed till 3 am

Curzon House, 20-23 Curzon Street, W1 (HYD 3581). All round the clock. Membership compulsory and very exclusive. 10 guineas a year. Prospective members vetted before joining. Bridge, blackjack, chemin de fer, gin rummy, kalooki, poker, roulette and baccarat. Limits vary. Good restaurant

Golden Nugget, 32 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (REG 6211). 2 pm till the last member leaves. Membership 21s a year. Blackjack, kalooki, dice, chemin de fer, poker, roulette, baccarat and pontoon. Limits vary but average about 2s 6d to £50. Restaurant and also a licensed bar

Mazurka, 4 Denham Street, W1 (GER 3547). Gambling 9 pm until last game ends. Annual membership 10s 6d. Blackjack, chemin de fer, poker and roulette. Minimum stake 5s, maximum £1. There is no restaurant but sandwiches are provided at the bar. Normal licensing hours

New Marble Arch, 5 Edgware Road, W2 (PAD 5853). Open from 9 pm till play ends. Membership 1 guinea a year. Chemin de fer, blackjack, card roulette, poker, kalooki, bridge. Stakes vary from 2s 6d to £100. Food and drink free to members

The Nightingale, 28 Berkeley Square, W1 (GRO 1633). Midday until the end of play (usually 6 am). Membership 10 guineas a year. Overseas and country membership 5 guineas. Kalooki, bridge and stud poker. Stakes go high. First-class cuisine in Ian's Room downstairs or brought to the table. Fully licensed until 3 am

Olympic Casino, 79 Queensway, W2 (BAY 2163). Gaming starts 5 pm. Membership 2 guineas a year. Baccarat, blackjack, chemin de fer, American and French roulette, dice, poker. Stakes vary. Never go below 5s on roulette and can go very high. Bar in the restaurant but only soft drinks in the casino. Coffee, sandwiches served in the casino. Champagne buffet for members Tue and Fri

Quents, 22 Hill Street, W1 (HYD 7766). 6.30 pm onwards. Inclusive membership 2 guineas a year. Baccarat, roulette, blackjack, craps. Billiard room. Minimum stakes vary from game to game, 5s-£2. Bar and restaurant

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BOOKS

In 1961 when Gollancz published their first "SF" label and Kingsley Amis wrote its first serious critique, science fiction stopped hiding behind names like "novels of the imagination" and became a recognised and increasingly popular literature, largely imported from America, where scientists write science fiction as English dons write detective stories. Addicts, a survey by one of their magazines showed, are between the ages of 18 and 30 and often live in a university town; 90 per cent. of them are male.

How far science fiction should be an art form, and how far pure comparatively illiterate suspense is a moot point; the more literary the writer the more he tends to write fantasy rather than invention. How far it should remain within the bounds of present scientific credibility is another; some writers insist that it must be reasonably reasonable, others that reasonableness is too limiting.

Science fiction has its conventions. The accepted method of getting people round the galaxy at high speed: Azimov's "space-leap," Anderson's "space-drive," Lloyd Biggles' "matter-transmitter." Beings from outer galaxies pose another problem: usually their representatives are found in some convenient outpost on an accessible planet, or they are represented by robots, or disguised as plants or pure intelligence. A human being is treated as the representative of the human race, not fully developed as a character. There is a great deal of epic simplification: togas, daggers, bows and arrows are beloved of SF writers. There is the almost inevitably happy ending – after the holocaust the message of hope.

Swift, Orwell, Nevil Shute, and most recently William Burroughs with *Nova Express*, have written books which can be called science fiction. There is an increasing interest in satire – with no fear of libel – as opposed to pure adventure, and a move back from outer to inner space. The Homo Gestalt/extra sensory perception/telepathy school continues to flourish. There is an increased interest in Time, since Azimov turned the future into psycho-history: Clifford Simak's *All Flesh is Grass* will be published by Gollancz on 24 February, and in September they will publish Poul Anderson's *Corridors of Time*. They have a 200,000 word epic by Frank Herbert called *Dune*, with fully developed characters, social and religious systems in preparation for publication in July, which they say will be "the *Gone with the Wind* of science fiction."

carole d'albiac

Author Elleston Trevor. His new novel "The Shoot" (Heinemann, 21 Feb, 18s) follows "Flight of the Phoenix" which was recently filmed and goes on general release this month.

FIRST FIVE

1 Nova Express by William Burroughs (Cape) 2 Imagination Dead Imagine by Samuel Beckett (Calder and Boyars) 3 Stations by Burt Blechman (Peter Owen) 4 Growing up in Russia by Yevgeny Yevtushenko (Penguin) 5 Dada, Art and Anti-Art by Hans Richter (Thames and Hudson)

The Girl on the Motorcycle by Andre Pieyre de Mandiargues. A girl rises at dawn, leaves her husband asleep, and rides on a motorcycle to meet her lover. Her thoughts and memories on the journey. Calder & Boyars 24 Feb, 30s

Stations by Burt Blechman. A homosexual's wanderings on the stations of New York's subways, memories, the fear of age, a consciousness of universal doom: "If music be the food of passion, anthems are the palliative of despair." Peter Owen 24 Feb, 25s

The Passing Strange by John Minahan. A girl is paralysed from a motor accident from the neck down; she can talk, spit, paint with her mouth, and likes to drink and go up into the mountains. She wants them to help her to die. Her brother wants to end her days of unendurable horror; her father in determined to keep her alive at all costs. Secker & Warburg 21 Feb, 21s

The Shoot by Elleston Trevor. The launching of White Lance, a rocket carrying a new, unstable fuel. There has already been one failure, an army unit has mysteriously arrived on the scene and the wife of the officer in charge of the launch is unfaithful. Heinemann 21 Feb, 18s

A Stone Man, Yes by Daniel Curley. A stone man on a stone jug could tolerate the atrophied, ice-cold marriage of George and Alice Scott, but how much can a man take? Portrait of a bitter marriage in an academic community. Michael Joseph 24 Feb, 25s

A Question of Living by Kenneth Warner. Two doctors meet in a German village, a German and a Jew. They last met when one was a Nazi in charge the other a prisoner in a concentration camp. Michael Joseph 24 Feb, 18s

Sometimes a Great Notion by Ken Kesey. The great notion is the rugged, independent provincialism of a family in the State of Oregon, who fight the local labour unions and the Wakonda River. Methuen 24 Feb, 30s

The Naked Runner by Francis Clifford. Sam Laker is persuaded to act as a temporary agent for the West, promised that delivering a message in Leipzig will be as simple as stepping out into a Street. It is not, and he becomes a ruthless killer. Hodder & Stoughton 21 Feb, 18s

In the Spring the War Ended by Steven Linakis. The anti-hero is a deserter, one of the 50,000 American Servicemen who left the front line and hid from the police among the ruined cities of the West, in this case Brussels. Cassell 24 Feb, 25s

SHORT STORIES

Catastrophe, the strange stories of Dino Buzzati. In each story there is a collapse of the known world into the macabre. Calder & Boyars 24 Feb, 30s

BIOGRAPHY, NOTES & MEMOIRS

Carnets 1942-1951 by Albert Camus. The day-to-day notebooks cover the period from the publication of The Outsider to the writing of The Rebel. Hamish Hamilton 24 Feb, 30s

Tides and Eddies by Maie Casey. Lady Casey remembers people and places: Cologne and Coblenz after the First World War, Canberra and Washington in 1940, the Middle East, and Bengal, where her husband was Governor, in 1944. Michael Joseph 24 Feb, 30s

Bronze from William Fagg's "Tribes & Forms in African Art" (Methuen, 24 Feb, £6 6s).

HISTORY

British Historians and the West Indies by Eric Williams. Dr Williams, first Prime Minister of Trinidad and Tobago, examines the attitudes of British historians, from Stubbs to Carlyle, to West Indian history, and uncovers prejudices and a lack of objectivity. Andre Deutsch 21 Feb, 25s

The Proud Tower, a Portrait of the World before the War, 1890-1914 by Barbara Tuchman. A study, not of diplomatic incidents but of the societies from which the war grew. Hamish Hamilton 24 Feb, 42s

The Mafia and Politics by Michele Pantaleone. An examination of the origins and activities of the Mafia in Sicily by a journalist and politician who has waged a lifelong battle against them. Chatto & Windus 24 Feb, 35s

ART

Dada, Art and Anti-Art by Hans Richter. An illustrated study of this "total revolution in visual art" from the time it "began" in New York and Zurich in 1916 to its growing influence today. Thames and Hudson 21 Feb, 18s

NEW PAPERBACKS

Growing Up in Russia, a Precocious Autobiography by Yevgeny Yevtushenko. Penguin 24 Feb, 4s 6d

Tropic of Cancer by Henry Miller. Panther 24 Feb, 9s 6d

Plexus by Henry Miller. Panther 24 Feb, 8s 6d

Jean Santeuil by Marcel Proust, translated by Gerard Hopkins. Panther 24 Feb, 9s 6d

Tom Jones by Henry Fielding. Penguin 24 Feb, 8s 6d

The Glass-Blowers by Daphne du Maurier. Penguin 24 Feb, 5s

The Ipcress File by Len Deighton. Panther Crimeband 24 Feb, 3s 6d

DISCS

I have been taking a look at pop in Europe, and the odd thing is that for all the popularity of the Beatles, the beat revolution still hasn't happened there. In country after country, the pop charts have an almost guaranteed place at the top for each new Beatles single; but predominantly, the rest of the charts are full of the kind of melodic songs that mothers say aren't written any more.

The further south you go, the more true this is. In Sweden and Germany the charts are peppered with names of English and American groups; in France they like The Beatles, The Stones, The Kinks and The Yardbirds, and not much else from this country; in Italy, just the Beatles – and even them not overwhelmingly, for Italy was the least successful tour for the Beatles anywhere in the world.

Nowhere is this more apparent than at the San Remo Song Festival, which ended recently in its usual Latin babble of accusation and counter-accusation. The Festival is an extraordinary annual event which literally couldn't happen here. The British Music Publishers' Association, inspired by its power and influence over the whole of Europe's pop music, tried to emulate it with last year's British Song Contest at Brighton. Some of the songs entered had a moderate success in the charts; but the event itself, virtually spurned by Brighton Council and ignored by anyone over the age of 20, lost money heavily.

This would be inconceivable at San Remo. For a start, nobody under 20 could afford to get in – best seats on the final night cost about £40, and £25 buys you a hard chair half behind a pillar. The 700 or so people who pay these prices come mainly from the world's music publishers and recording companies, who treat the affair as an essential expense.

This odd and rather depressing collection of people is the main reason why Italian pop music is still stuck around 1950. As an experiment, the organisers introduced three beat groups this year, including The Yardbirds. They were all looked upon with unconcealed scorn, and the experiment almost certainly won't be repeated. The winning song will be lucky to sell more than a few hundred copies in this country; in Europe at this moment, and for the next three months, it will sell in tens of thousands. I can't tell you what the English title will be; a literal translation is *God, How I Love You*, which has a rather unsuitable colloquial ambiguity.

leonard levesley

RECORD REVIEW BY MARC BÖLAN

Moody, brooding, sensitive, quiet . . . they're all adjectives that have been applied to 18-year-old Marc Bölan. He's a writer, a poet and wants to make a war film in SE Asia Hopes to visit America next month, perhaps to record or just dig the scene. Hopes also that his play "Pictures of Purple People" will be put on soon. And hopes to live in Paris "when he can afford it." Maybe it will be possible – four of his numbers are being considered by The Byrds.

Bob Dylan (CBS 62022). You're no good. Talkin' New York. In my time of dyin'. Man of constant sorrow. Fixin' to die. Pretty Peggy-O Highway 51. Gospel Plow. Baby, let me follow you down. House of the risin' sun. Freight train blues. Song to Woody. See that my grave is kept clean
A beautiful example of truly royal talent He makes a guitar sound like a motor-bike

---

Forbidden Fruit. Nina Simone (Pye PXL 419). Rags and old iron. No good man. Gin house blues. I'll look around. I love to love. Work song. Where can I go without you. Just say I love him. Memphis in June. Forbidden Fruit
Again, nicest sounds in a long time, she plays piano like a motor-bike

---

Baby I'm yours. Barbara Lewis (Decca ATL 5042). Baby I'm yours. My heart went do da dat. Come home. Think a little sugar. If you love her. Stop that girl. Puppy love. Hello stranger. Someday we're gonna love again. Snap you fingers. How can I say goodbye. Straighten up your heart
Good LP, has most of her hits on it. Great late-night music

My Generation. The Who (Decca LAT 8616). Out in the street. I don't mind. The good's gone. La-la-la-lies. Much too much. My generation. The kids are alright. Please please please. It's not true. I'm a man. A legal matter. The ox
The song My Generation really swings but for me this is a bad LP. Nevertheless, for the track My Generation – the LP is very much worth buying

---

Oh Yeah. Charlie Mingus (HA-K 8007). Hog Callin' blues. Devil Woman. Wham Bam thank you Ma'am. Ecclusiatics. Oh Lord don't let them drop that atomic bomb on me. Eat that chicken. Passions of a man
It sounds like everyone at this session is out of their heads and after one track you know where The Who got their sound from.

Funny Girl. Barbra Streisand and Sydney Chaplin (EMI W 2059). Overture. If a girl isn't pretty. I'm the greatest star. Cornet man. Who taught her everything. His love makes me beautiful. I want to be seen with you tonight. Henry Street. People. You are woman. Don't rain on my parade. Sadie, Sadie. Find yourself a man. Rat-tat-tat-tat. Who are you now? The music that makes me dance
None of Barbra Streisand's previous recordings have particularly appealed to me, but this is a very nice LP. Sounds like Kaye Starr

---

Nina at the Village Gate. Nina Simone (Colpix PXL 421). Just in Time. He was too good to me. House of the Rising sun. Bye Bye Blackbird. Brown Baby. Zungo. If he Changed my name. Children go where I send you
I am not very fond of her latest recordings but this LP is just too much!

The Sound of Entertainment

TONY BENNETT (s) 66010
A String of Tony's Hits
(Double Pack—2-12" LPs for 37/6d)

RALPH SHARON TRIO (s) 62624
The Tony Bennett Song Book

BARBRA STREISAND (s) 60603
My Name is Barbra . . . Two

CHARLIE BYRD TRIO (s) 62610
Travellin' Man

on CBS RECORDS

TELEVISION

It is now a little more than six months since Lord Hill, erstwhile BBC "Radio Doctor" who overlords it at the Independent Television Authority, diagnosed an intelligence deficiency around the ITV quiz scene. The Authority's annual report made it clear that new ventures should demand a higher degree of skill from competitors.

Of course, it rather depends on what one means by "skill." Certainly the ITA has not exactly tangled its feet in a rush to go on record with a specification. "The matter is covered by the annual report," was the official answer to one seeker of light from an ITV company.

Granada already screens a skilful quiz, *University Challenge*. Associated TeleVision and ABC seem uninterested in Q and A entertainment.

This leaves Rediffusion as the one member of the "Big Four" with a vital stake in the changing quiz business. Their *Double Your Money* and *Take Your Pick* still draw viewers by the millions, after 10 years. But obviously, fresh ideas needs must get away from what – top money questions apart – is basically an American-style "giveaway" format.

Rediffusion has appointed a recruit from university, Bill Costello, as its new editor of quiz programmes. The fact that he gained his doctorate of philiosophy after taking the job caused some snide amusement at rival offices; Mr Costello is too busy to join the snickering.

He denies that quizzes are about to become more intelligent – "That's an insult to the people we're all working for" – but admits: "Undoubtedly the trend is towards more sophisticated programmes."

The snag, as he sees it, is to produce an idea which is clever *and* entertaining *and* of appeal to the widest possible section of the ITV audience.

Gradually, Bill Costello is hacking out a framework. "No matter what one's education, one has the power of logic," he says. "Everybody has, to some extent, the ability to reason. We start from there. . . ."

One method he has arrived at, from that starting point, is to scrap the conventional idea of sets of questions.

"You could ask the competitor to imagine that he is head of his own business, and feed in problems of management, policy, and so on. Business schools and some American colleges already have the system. I think it could be entertaining and interesting."

The leap from Box 13 to business efficiency is a huge one. Since Mr Costello's projects are still in preparation, it may never be made.

peter magnus

The usually demure Diana Rigg takes on a satanic aspect as a queen of sin in tomorrow night's "Avengers" episode, "A Touch of Brimstone" but London viewers will see this scene after a 38-second censor cut, the first ever requested in the series. Peter Wyngarde plays the president of the notorious Hellfire Club, recreated for the story.

WEEKEND VIEWING

SATURDAY 19 FEBRUARY

Sport. Ski jumping from Oslo, racing from Catterick, ice hockey and wrestling. ITV 1.10 pm

Thank Your Lucky Stars with Billy Fury, The Animals, Lulu, The Mark Four, Peter and Gordon, the Kaye Sisters. ITV 5.15 pm

Plays of Mystery and Imagination. *The Open Door* by Mrs Margaret Oliphant. A ruin in the park of the great house, a juniper tree, and a disembodied voice pleading to be let in strangely affect the Colonel's young son. Starring Jack Hawkins, Mark Dignam, Rachel Gurney, introduced by David Buck. ITV 10.5 pm

Great acting series. Sir Michael Redgrave talks to Richard Findlater on stage at the Yvonne Arnaud Theatre and in the studio. BBC 2

Georgie Fame and the Blue Flames and Julie Rogers are the guest stars on the weekly Morecambe & Wise Show. ITV

Grandstand – World ski championships from Oslo, racing from Newbury, Moto-cross from Ripon (G Britain v Czechoslovakia), the fifth and final test match, and Rugby League Halifax v Oldham. BBC-1

Comedy Programme – Terry Scott on money (first seen on BBC-2) – Terry gives a practical demonstration on how money opens many doors and how money talks. Also appearing are Rita Webb, Claire Gordon and Don Riddell singers. Produced by Dennis Main Wilson. Script by Marty Feldman and Barry Took. BBC-1

The Spies – *Once You're Dead Stay Dead* – with guest stars Nicola Pagett and Tom Adams. Stefan Hamil, son of the ex-Prime Minister of Amalia, disappears under circumstances indicative of murder. Anthony Kelly of DI6 in London is understandably concerned. The British Government is on the verge of signing a treaty for military bases with the Amalian Government and because of Stefan's disappearance there may well be no government with which to treat. BBC-1

Afternoon film – *A Pig Across Paris* with Jean Gabin and Bourvil. Directed by Claude Autant-Lara, it is a French award-winning film for 1957. BBC-2

Repeat of the first episode of Hemingway's *Farewell to Arms* with George Hamilton and Vanessa Redgrave. BBC-2

Dusty Springfield is the guest star on Dudley Moore and Peter Cook's *Not Only . . . but Also*. BBC-2

SUNDAY 20 FEBRUARY

Film. *Tiger Bay* with John Mills, Horst Buchholz and Hayley Mills. A Polish seaman, accused of murder, plans his escape to South America with a child's help. ITV 9.25 pm

Talking of things to come. Arthur C Clarke, science fiction writer. BBC-2

Feature Film – *The Truth About Women* with Laurence Harvey and Julie Harris. BBC-1

Arts Programme outlines the theatre in a programme called *How to Stop Worrying and Love the Theatre*. Theatre-go-round are a travelling group of actors from the Royal Shakespeare Co who attempt to prove to the people the advantages of the theatre. Rene Cutforth talks to Peter Hall. BBC-1

About Religion – *The World We Don't Know* is the first of an occasional series of programmes dealing with social problems. This week, the problem of mentally retarded children is introduced by Dr Winifred De Kok, the well-known medical woman broadcaster, and it shows how badly society today does treat mentally retarded people the difference between mental retardedness and mental illness will be explained in a discussion between an anthropologist, a specialist and the parent of a mentally retarded child. The programme is devised by Janet Nicholls. ITV, 6.35 pm

Guest stars on the *Sunday Night Palladium Show* are Dickie Valentine and Dave King. ITV

Afternoon film – *Operation Pacific* – made in 1951 by Warner Bros, starring John Wayne, Patricia Neal and the late Ward Bond. Breath-taking action and adventure in the US submarine *Thunderfish* on war patrol in the Pacific. ITV

SPORT

Whenever – and wherever – sports fans get together, they gossip. From the Spurs supporter talking about Saturday's game over a pint in his local, to the cricketer applauding Barrington's century, gossip is the life blood of the game. Without it interest would quickly flag.

So here goes for current rumour. If Fulham reap their inevitable consequences and are relegated, how will their international right back George Cohen find it possible to stay with them? And if he goes where will he go – to Spurs or Chelsea? What a partnership he would make with Chelsea's Eddie McCreadie. Just right for Europe. And it would guarantee him his place in the England side. . . . Meanwhile Fulham's blond-maned, art-loving half-back Bobby Keetch has asked for a transfer. If nobody bids, Keetch might give up football and concentrate on the antique business. But never rule out a show-business career. . . . Chelsea fans, like all London supporters except the Spurs' followers, are claiming that Liverpool never really wanted a Cup run and that the League is what they are after. Then there will be a showdown over next season's players' contracts at Anfield Road. . . . Ireland will beat Wales in the Rugby international at Lansdowne Road. But the Irish lost pounds saying the same thing before the Arms Park match last year. . . . Betting-shop punter's wrath at jockeys now spreading to National Hunt racing. With bigger prize-money doping has increased over the sticks. Talk says it's far easier to rest a horse over the jumps and not be noticed. . . . Looking ahead to the flat the word Australian arouses instant controversy. Some punters die in their defence. Others claim they have nearly died because of them.

Now back to a subject we opened last month – the BBC's sports coverage. Did you notice on newsreel shots of Arsenal's game against Burnley how the BBC failed to capture the home side's goal? After the fiasco at Burnley, and more recently at Everton, can they be relied on to cover the World Cup? Thank goodness ITV are sharing responsibilities this summer. The row at Everton was caused by a unit turning up from *United* wanting stock shots of footballers. As they had never asked permission, or stated what they wanted to do, Everton's refusal to allow them to film is understandable.

United continues to be the worst soap opera appearing on any TV channel.

michael wale

The Royal Navy play the Army at Twickenham on Saturday. Flashback to a highlight from last year's match as Ldg. Seaman B. W. Goodwin breaks away while in possession of the ball.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

First Division – Chelsea v Arsenal. Stamford Bridge. Sat 3 pm. (District Line to Fulham Broadway, then short walk.) Cup-weary Chelsea should still be too good for the Arsenal. Still, congratulations to manager Billy Wright for having the nerve to drop Eastham

Tottenham v Fulham. White Hart Lane. Sat 3 pm. (Frequent trains to White Hart Lane from Liverpool Street.) Another all-London clash. By now Fulham must be looking forward to the end of the season and a merciful release from the First Division

West Ham United v Sheffield United. Upton Park. Sat 3 pm. (District Line to Upton Park)

Second Division – Charlton v Birmingham. The Valley. Sat 3 pm. (Trains to Charlton from Charing Cross or London Bridge.) Charlton have signed 37-year-old Cliff Holton to haul them away from relegation, which must give all dads hope

Crystal Palace v Middlesbrough. Selhurst Park. Sat 3 pm. (Trains Victoria to Thornton Heath)

Third Division – Queen's Park Rangers v Hull City. Loftus Road. Sat 3 pm. (Metropolitan Line to Shepherd's Bush or Central Line to White City.) Despite being Third Division this is London's match of the day. Hull have spent over £150,000 on players to get them promotion. Rangers are close rivals. If they win this one they should be on the way up, too

RUGBY UNION

Royal Navy v The Army. Twickenham. Sat 3 pm. (District Line to Richmond then 73 bus from Richmond police station. Frequent trains from Waterloo to Twickenham)

Blackheath v Cambridge University. Rectory Ground. Sat 2.45 pm. (Trains to Blackheath from Charing Cross and London Bridge. Buses 54, 75 from station to ground.) Should be one of those rarities nowadays, a fast open match

London Irish v Guy's Hospital. The Avenue, Sunbury-on-Thames. Sat 2.45 pm. (Train from Waterloo to Sunbury. Green Line coaches 718, 725.) Another Hospitals' Cup contender in a sharpening-up match against a not-too-successful London Irish

London Welsh v RAF Richmond. Old Deer Park. Sat 2.45 pm. (Train Waterloo to Richmond or District Line to Richmond)

Wasps v Leicester. Eton Avenue, Sudbury. Sat 2.45 pm. (Piccadilly Line to Sudbury Town.) Match of the day despite both sides this season not being quite what they were in the past

STEEPLECHASING

Newbury. Sat. (Trains from Paddington to course.) Good view of course from all enclosures

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Plumpton. Tues. (Trains from Victoria to Plumpton, 18 min past hour.) One of the most pleasant little courses in the South

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MOTOR SPORT

Brands Hatch. Sutton and Cheam Motor Club sprint. Sun 12.30 pm. (Train Victoria to Swanley 14 min past hour)

REAL TENNIS

Queen's Club. Semi-finals Henry Leaf Old Public Schoolboys Cup. Sat 10 am. Finals. Sun 10.30 am. (Baron's Court, District and Piccadilly Lines)

RACKETS

Queen's Club. Sat, Sun. Army v Combined Services Championships. (Baron's Court, District or Piccadilly Lines)

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Lansdowne Club. Sat. Women's Championship finals. (9 Fitzmaurice Place, W1)

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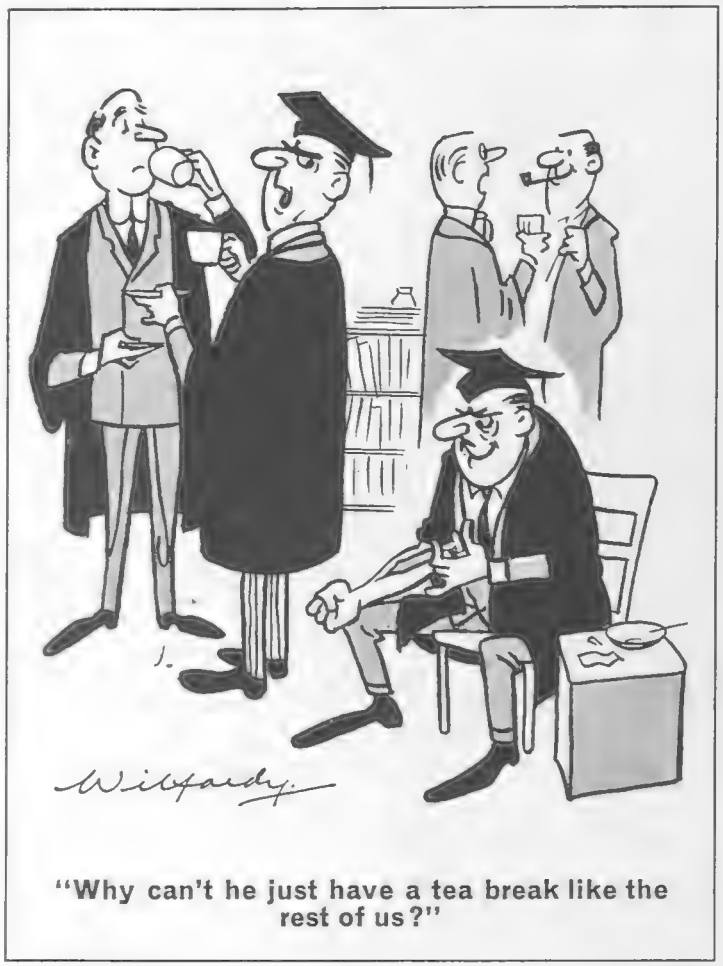

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something to say...

Passing the buck

There has been talk about bringing back the death penalty after the apparent increase in crime during 1965. I have always felt, and continue to feel, very much against it. Naturally there are arguments and reasons on both sides, and I cannot pretend to know all the difficulties and complications. Child murderers are the most frightening people in the world and, God knows, if I ever caught one harming a hair on *anyone's* head, let alone someone I knew and loved, I would feel impulsively violent towards them. But I still think it is basically and morally wrong for a man to pronounce death for another, in cold blood.

There is always the possibility that it may later be proved that the accused was innocent, but even if guilt was certain, I would not be able to pull the cord or press the button to carry out execution, because I would not be convinced I was doing right.

My father once said that if you are not prepared to do something yourself you should never put the responsibility on to someone else to do it for you. And I know that I would not be prepared to do it.

Jane Birkin-Barry,
Chelsea,
London, SW3

Mass circulation

May I congratulate you on your new magazine incorporating *The Tatler*? I look forward to receiving each new issue, and it always *informs*. After all my friends in Birmingham and I have enjoyed it, I send it to my good friends in Hollywood. And from what I hear, it "goes the rounds" there and is enjoyed by them all.

A Mary Taylor,
Paton Grove,
Birmingham 13

Filling a gap

Unlike Cecil Beaton I found that your magazine fills a much-needed gap. After all, if one has to put on and take off formality at a moment's notice, as we do, one hasn't *time* to keep up with one's young. So *London Life* can, in future, do it for us.

Nan Scutt,
Gosport,
Hampshire

PS. Having lived in America for over two years during the war I *do* agree with Robert Trout about not de-Londonising London.

Films on TV

One realises that it is economically necessary to insert advertisements into the films shown on commercial TV, but must it be done quite so crudely and why, for God's sake, must the films be cut?

In Preminger's *St Joan*, Jean Seberg was practically cut off mid-speech. In *Walter Mitty*, Danny Kaye had one or two of his dream sequences removed – quite changing the point of the film. There are many other examples.

Some films shown are genuine classics, and it is an insult to the director, the cast and the public to have parts removed at the whim of some idiot producer at ATV.

The average length of the films shown in 1965 should be calculated and this average should be used by the programme planners. If the film shown does not reach this length, then a short could be shown or a trailer for next week's film. If it exceeds the average by a few minutes, I'm sure Eamonn Andrews won't mind starting 10 minutes late.

Advertisements should be inserted where there is a change of scene and the film should be recommenced in *exactly* the same place as it was stopped.

Philip Goldsmith,
Weston Road,
Guildford, Surrey

Personal insults

Why do people, when introduced to stars, actresses – call us what you will – feel that they can be rude and personal? They would never behave in the same way if you were a nurse, writer or solicitor. But surely acting is a profession, too? The only person I have met recently who delighted me was a child brought round to see me after *Peter Pan*, and who cried because I wasn't a real boy!

Sylvia Syms,
Knightsbridge,
London, SW1

Home from Home

Being an animal lover, I was very interested in your article on dogs, though the felines are *my* speciality. I wonder if you could tell me what happened to that dog with a nice face – the one you borrowed from Battersea Dogs' Home and had "groomed"? I would like to think he has since found a home.

Rita Elen,
Raymond's Revue Bar,
Brewer St, W1

The dog was bought for £3 by Miss Diana Baldry, who works in Thomson House. She has christened him Scruffy, as he soon lost that chic look. He has proved an amazing acrobat, and won't stop doing tricks whenever there is an audience. During the day he accompanies Diana's fiancé (above), who is a taxi driver. – Editor.

There are more than 70 of them listed in the London telephone directory . . they are the private detectives, or "inquiry agents" as they call themselves. Who are they? What do they do? And what safeguards are there against an old lag from Wormwood Scrubs setting up as private detective?

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london life

next week

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